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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 6, 1945
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Vol. CLXXX No. 2346 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 6 1945

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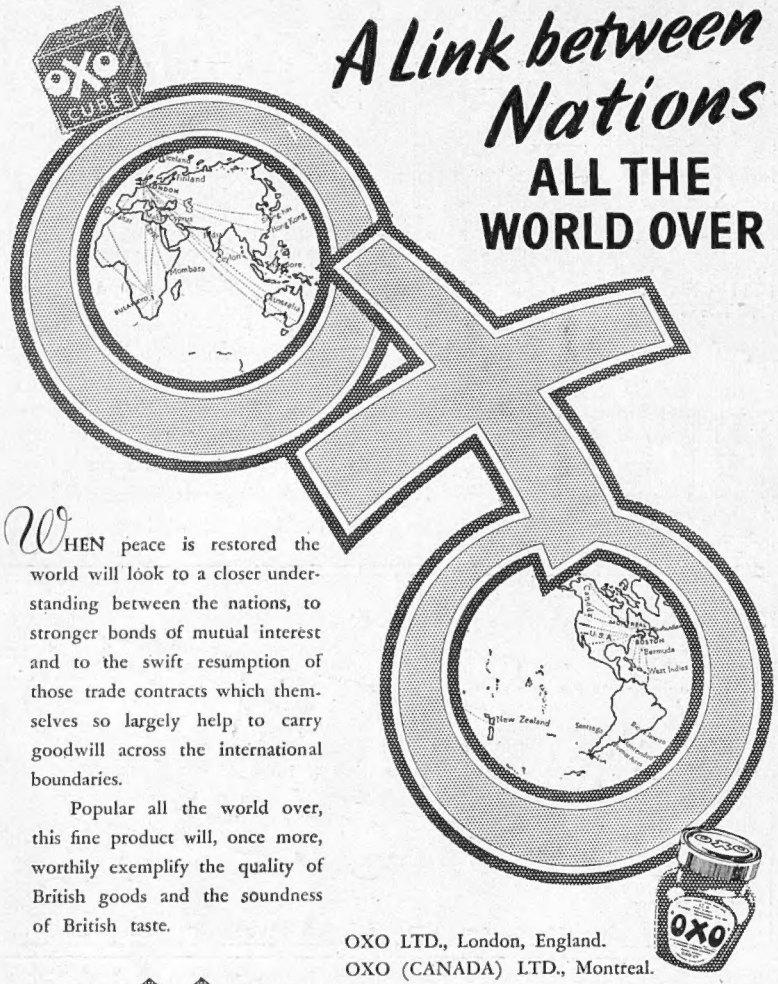

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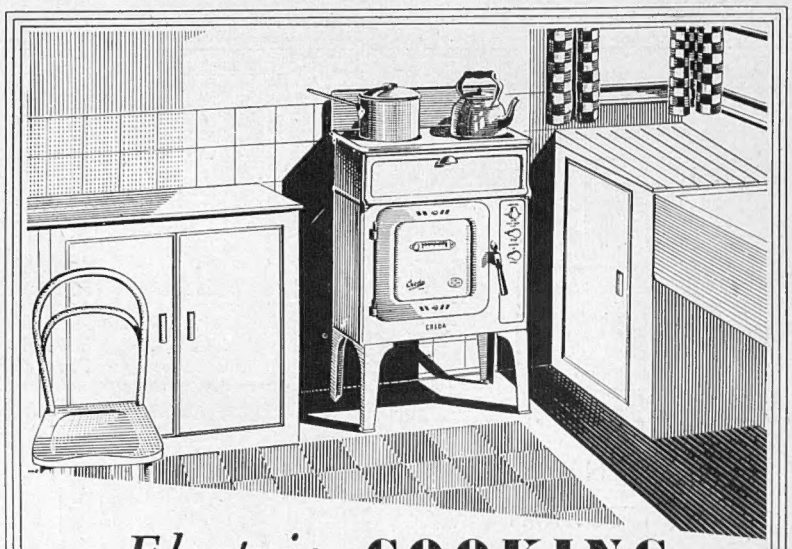

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Volume CLXXX No. 2346 The SPHERE, London, January 6, 1945

THE SPHERE
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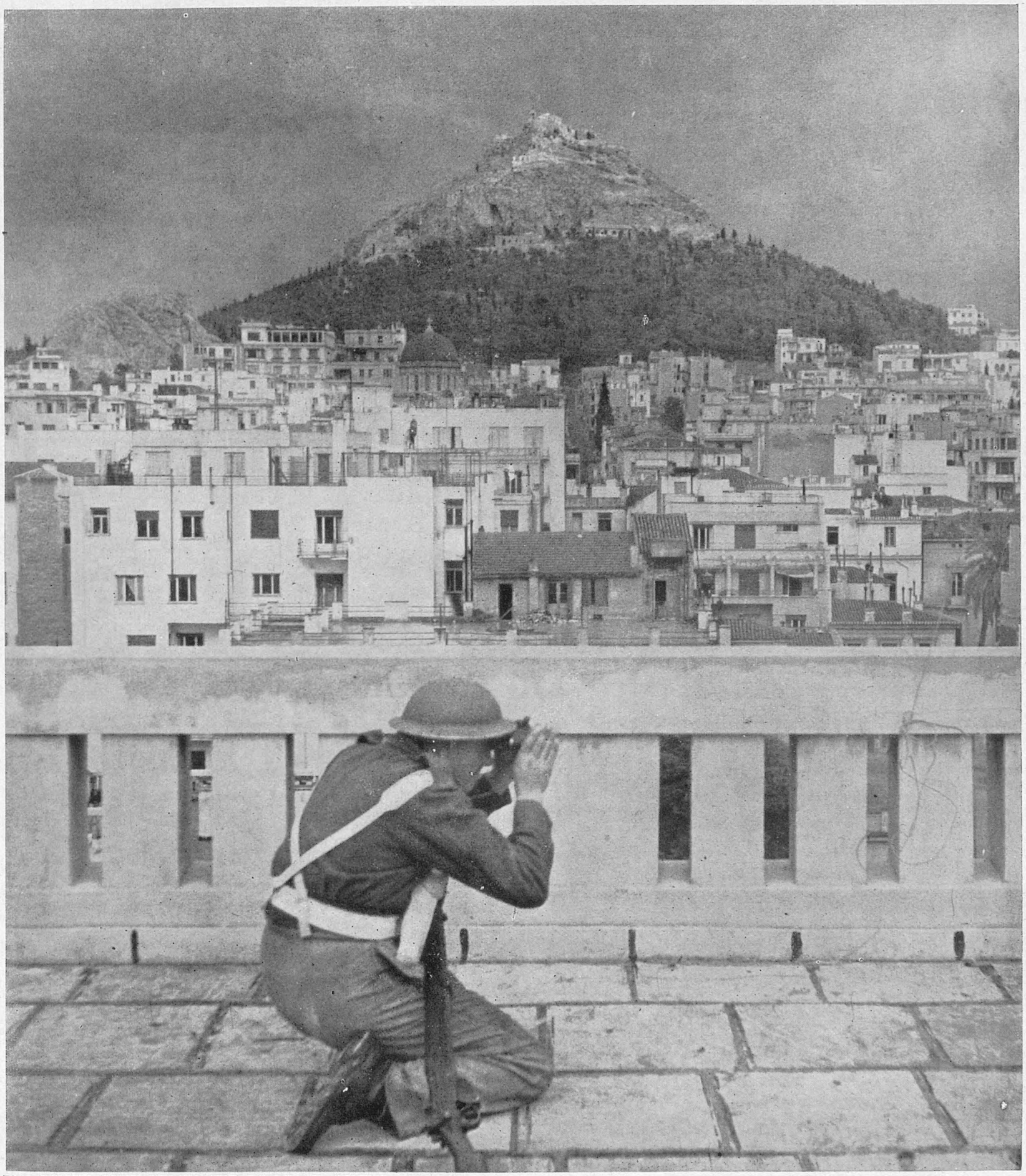
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE BRITISH ARMY VERSUS THE E.L.A.S. IN ATHENS: A DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT LYCABETTOS, WHICH IS NOW IN BRITISH HANDS; in the foreground a soldier scans the rooftops for hostile snipers in the city streets below

Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden have been to Athens and returned to London: the Archbishop Damaskinos has been appointed Regent in place of King George of the Hellenes; and yet the fighting between the British and E.L.A.S. forces continues in the city. In the political excitement surrounding the upheaval, the tactical situation has often been ignored. But the troops on the spot have had no illusions as to which side of the question is of the most pressing urgency to themselves. It has been definitely established by escaped British prisoners that uniform in the ranks of E.L.A.S. is conspicuous by its absence. Any civilian moving in the streets may be a spy or a hostile soldier infiltrating into a British-held area: any civilian in any building is a potential sniper behind the backs of the British defenders. On December 15, an E.L.A.S. officer was actually arrested in the Hotel Grande Bretagne (Headquarters of the British Army in Athens) attired in British battledress. (*See also* pp. 6, 7 and 8 of this issue)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER No. 279

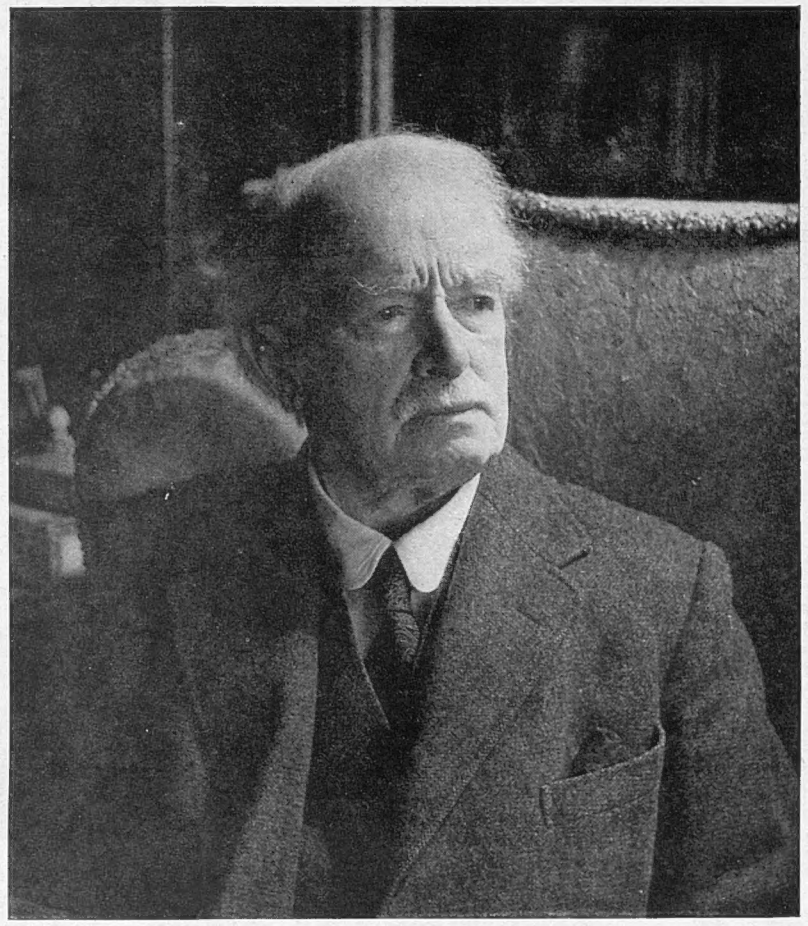
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Hitler Still God of Gods ?

—Hitler as a type of Christ is Goebbels' latest blasphemy. In a recent weekly wail, Goebbels wrote: "Hitler has made it his goal to redeem his own people and reshape our continent. If only the world knew how much his love extends beyond his own people towards the universe, they would forswear their false God and turn to worship him, the greatest personality history has known. He stands so high above all things human that one feels small and insignificant beside him." It is just worth quoting this paragraph because it contains a hint which even now we should not ignore. Goebbels would not have dared to go so far in this deification if he had merely been pursuing the technique of the highly-skilled propagandist; which he often is. He would have drawn it milder, for his art's sake. This paragraph is a rough translation of any parson's explication of Christ to his flock; and I do not think it could have been written, even by a Nazi, unless he *believed it to be true*. As propaganda, it would be too clumsy. If, then, that experienced tight-rope walker, liar and plotter, Goebbels, believes this farrago of blasphemy to be the truth about Hitler, have we not grounds for presuming that still, in 1945, there may be 2,000,000 young Nazis who think as he does and read his words with reverent admiration for a well-expressed truism? And if so, what? I am not inclined to laugh it away; to declare that there *are* benighted people in Europe who still have no conception how much this Messiah-Hitler's "love extends beyond his own people to the universe"; to quote: "You may think it right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?" No. It is no laughing matter. Hitler (or Hirohito) is still capable of inspiring armies with blind fanaticism. And we have still two mighty hard nuts to crack. There are still many millions of young and vigorous Nazis and Japs whose faith in, and worship of, Hitler and Hirohito is a far stronger inspiration to sacrifice and fanaticism than is the religious faith of many more millions among the Allies fighting tyranny and barbarism in the name of Christianity. It is a sombre truth.

The Endless Adventure.—

The seemingly endless business of bringing Nazism to its knees goes on—in jerks, spasms, swift advance, and sometimes as swift retreat, on all the fronts. Modern war at least does not indulge in six-month stalemates. There are no "winter quarters" and off-times for fox-hunting and "chumming-up" with enemy outposts. All combatants carry on non-stop in the endeavour to put an end to the long agony. So the liquidation of Budapest is a good step forward to Vienna, the Eastern gateway to Berlin. The Hungarian capital is no mean city with its million inhabitants and a garrison of many thousand Nazi troops. It is reasonable to expect that Hungary will "see the light" soon—too late for her own salvation and for the preservation of a beautiful city, but better late than never. For when the end comes, there will be no bouquets, and no concessions or sympathy with those who kept a lost war going "to gain some private end." In the West, Rundstedt made a big noise and a very considerable dent with his carefully-prepared and well-executed thrusts in strength. He jolted the Western allies badly (and for all I know, healthily). The know-alls and strategists and statisticians who always know (to a Brigade) the size of the enemy reserves, are at it again. Rundstedt is "throwing in his last reserves"; he is short of planes, of petrol, even of rations, and so on. Clearly he can't spring another surprise on us. But, if you keep newspaper files, you will observe that the "last reserves" were all in the line



MR. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, "FATHER" OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, and the man who led Britain to victory in 1918—a picture taken on his eightieth birthday at Churt. Mr. Lloyd George announced his intention last week to resign from Parliament, where he has represented Caernarvon Boroughs without a break since 1890. He heads the King's New Year Honours List with the bestowal of an earldom for his 54 years of service to the nation. It is understood that he proposes to take the title of Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor

in November and early December. It was only after the event that we were told that "of course, Rundstedt has been collecting and training reserve corps and armies for months." And now before the dangerous spearheads are even blunted, our wizards are at it again. The last reserves are in the line, the petrol tank is empty, the prisoners all ravenous. Just like that Ministry of Economic Warfare (which has had a reprieve and won't be liquidated, after all, this side of summer)! Their nimble accountants made it perfectly clear (to themselves) that Nazi oil-sources would be totally dry by the autumn of '41, the winter of '42, the summer of '43, and so on. But still the war goes on. So does that Ministry. So do the prophets and wizards with their wisecracks and Q.E.D.s. And so do the Nazi trucks and armoured vehicles.

On His Travels Again—

With Messrs. Churchill, Eden, Macmillan, and Field-Marshal Alexander, reinforcing our ambassador and military commander at the seat of war in Athens, we could feel on Boxing Day that, if the Christmas ideal of peace and goodwill be anywhere on this earth attainable, there must be good hope of it in that small theatre. One could also appreciate just how important it seems to our Government quickly to end the chaos and débâcle there. Otherwise, it would appear an inapt moment for the bones and beak of our Government to go on their travels again for any other purpose than to meet Stalin and Roosevelt. One might have expected the War Cabinet to be in continuous session in London reviewing measures to cope with Rundstedt's spearheads. We were entitled to take confidence (from this news) that the situation in Belgium and Luxembourg was regarded as well in hand; and that our Government at least put the pacification of Greece as an earlier priority. Accordingly, we must revise our first opinion that, troublesome and deplorable as the situation in Athens is, it was a set-back in a comparatively non-vital theatre. Clearly, Greece is a vital hinge in Allied strategy even to-day from a military view-point; or else, politically, the Government regard it as of quite immediate priority to restore their prestige in that business. May they all succeed in their admirable objective! We assumed that Eisenhower needed no help from London and had the situation in hand and all necessary means to improve it.

Acrimony.—

During the Christmas holidays I fortified myself against a dearth of ideas by buying up all the weekly "review"-type newspapers I could lay hands on, as a substitute for daily papers. I got a fairly large selection and studied them with some care. During the war years I have seldom read any weeklies, and I was struck by the present vigour and even bitterness with which they express their "various opinions." These opinions range from the Communistic to hatred of Bolshevism; from adulation to sharp criticism of the Premier; from contempt of the Labour leaders in the Government to contempt of the trade unions as wreckers of the great Socialist cause. The affairs in Greece, the Polish frontier question and our foreign policy generally all receive vigorous examination; and not unnaturally some of this criticism is trenchant and bitter. At home, housing is everybody's target, and "the B.M.A. and the White Paper" is, as a subject, a good second. Some of the writers of articles use bludgeons dipped in vitriol. Others are bitter or sarcastic, but retain the bare conventions of polite journalism. Others, still, like Mr. Nicolson, are suave and restrained, and employ reasoning and persuasion to press a criticism or view, in lieu of blunt instruments and mud or vitriol. Ever since 1938 the best barometer of national anxiety has been the rise and fall of acerbity in party or Press controversy and in public speeches. A common anxiety or suffering makes people a little kinder, a little less one-sided in their views

Some of the horrors which await us after war, "plain to see as the nose on your face," were to me quite unexpected possibilities. Yet by all accounts they are being planned with infinite care by respectable groups of politicians, designed finally, and by force, if necessary, to root out what remains of Privilege, tradition and capitalism. Others declare that the "Left" parties are in unholy alliance with capitalism. And others again rely on the age-old devotion of generations of Britons to the old ways, the grand old traditions, the good old days. As to these last good, easy men and their comforting views, certainly we middle-aged men remember very different days and ways; easier days for the few privileged. I doubt if we would welcome back the way of life in Edwardian or (worse) in 'twixt-war years. But (to throw a cold douche on that British love of tradition and old ways) what has the twenty-one or even the thirty-year-old voter of to-morrow seen of our "great traditions and good old ways," that he should love them and wish to preserve them? He has only known an England still sick with the wounds of a world war, or an England reeling drunkenly to the crater edge of a second world war, or an England battered and gasping in the throes of world war. True, he saw great traditions carried on in our obstinate refusal to admit defeat in 1940; but these traditional qualities of race and manhood are not what any "Left" party (or any other party) means by traditions, and no political nostrum can eradicate or instil such qualities. If our young voter remembers the Coronation, he may have memories of some of our picturesque traditions of pageantry (where the chief seats at that national festival and sacrament were solely reserved for a privileged class). For the rest, I don't think (in the quarrels and strikes and bungling and compromises with honour and duty) he will remember to have seen our "Great Traditions" holding their heads very high in the years he has lived; until at last our danger became acute in 1940. And then *he* turned to, to oppose his body and offer his young life to put things right.

A Vicious Circle.—

He is still trying to do it. I suppose some of these quarrelsome, grousing, vindictive weeklies find their way to his foxhole. If so, it helps to explain why he writes home that he "is disillusioned and doesn't believe in a brave, new world." For these party cat-calls about the horrors and schemes and plots of peace give him the impression that still, as of old, there are, in war, two nations in every fighting State: those who risk their lives at the front and those who sit at home and gossip and quarrel. That is a tragedy, for the one good thing which this war of total barbarity seemed to have produced was the uniting of each militant nation in common sacrifice and suffering, the merging of the home front with the fighting men. The harm we have done to the war effort by this recent preoccupation with the things which belong unto the peace is tremendous. We have only just begun to comprehend how hideous a mistake it was to encourage it by too public planning and too premature disclosure and discussion of such plans. Much of the planning was essential, unavoidable. But 70 per cent. of the talking about it should have been discouraged or prevented. As in war you must plan war in secret, so in war you should plan peace in secret. But I end on no note of castigation. For six years hate has been fanned and stimulated as an essential weapon of war by highly-paid officials. Even they must expect that a little of the mud they throw will stick somewhere or other. It does; and as I have often said, that particular mud is plaguey hard to wash away. It becomes a habit. It is a segment of a vicious circle.

THE OLD STAGER

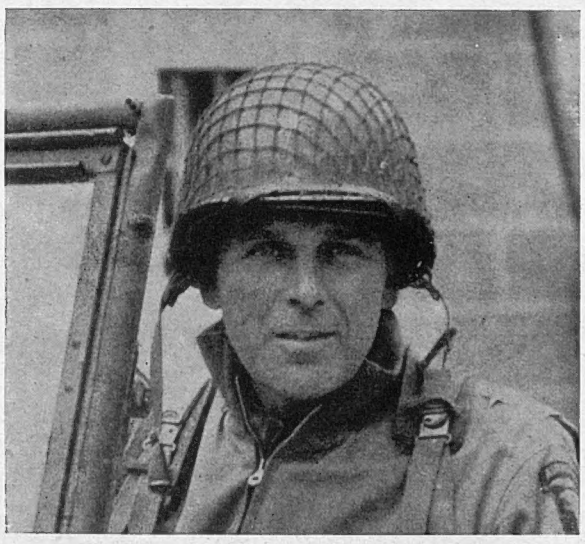
AFTER THE RELIEF OF BASTOGNE, AT THE END OF A STAND LASTING FOR EIGHT DAYS AND NIGHTS OF HEAVY FIGHTING: Vehicles of the U.S. Fourth Armoured Division lined up in the Town Square after men of General Patton's Army had come up from the south in a sudden dash

BASTOGNE

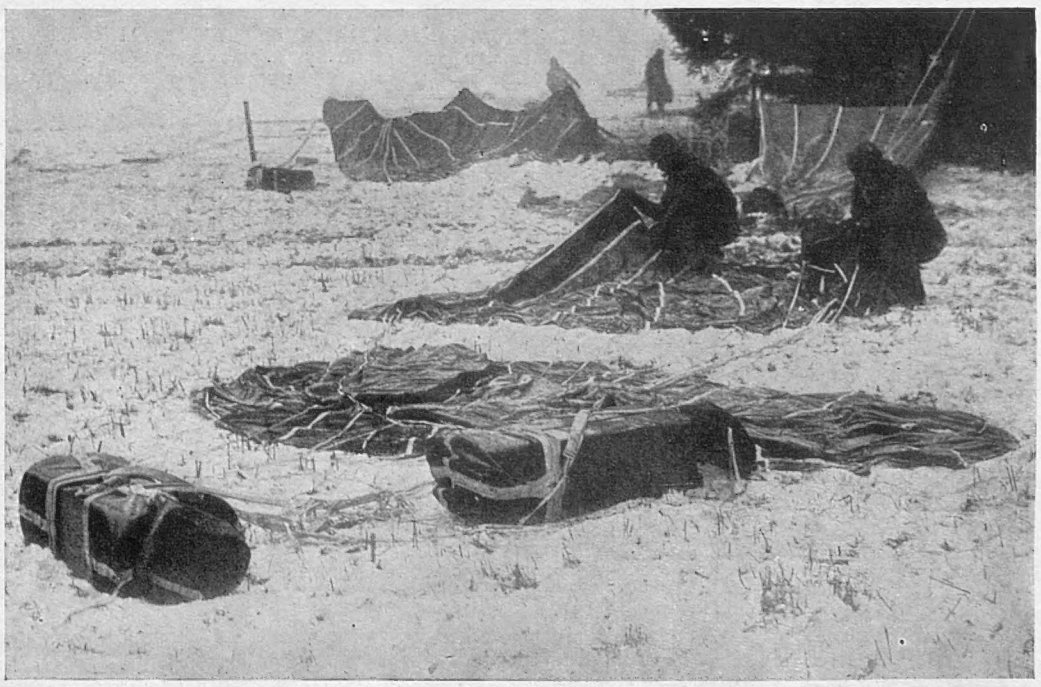
An Epic Stand of Eight Days by the American Army

When the great German break-through into Belgium took place, the Americans in Bastogne, on the south side of the salient, were cut off. Lying on the flank of the advancing Germans, the possession of this town was of the utmost importance: but although called upon by the enemy to surrender and in danger of annihilation, the garrison held out, and for eight days they resisted the heaviest of German attacks. The only way to sustain the defenders was by air: big American Dakota transports, taking considerable risks, dropped supplies and ammunition as the men fought on, until, finally, General Patton's forces were able to relieve them, on December 27. Elements of three U.S. Divisions were concerned in this great stand against odds, and the relieving force was the Fourth Armoured Division, who broke through from the south.

HALF-TRACK VEHICLES OF THE RELIEVING DIVISION LINE A STREET IN BASTOGNE: These vehicles knocked out more enemy tanks than any other weapon. They had travelled a great distance from General Patton's front to assist in the relief of the town



MAJOR-GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR, Commander of the American 101st Airborne Division, who flew the Atlantic when he heard the news of his men being encircled in Bastogne. He slipped through the German lines and led the final phases of the battle



TROOPS OF THE FOURTH ARMOURED DIVISION EXAMINE THE PARACHUTES USED TO SUPPLY THE BESIEGED AMERICAN SOLDIERS with ammunition and food during their encirclement. Boxes of ammunition are still attached to some of the parachutes. When the news of the siege of Bastogne was received, Dakota aircraft made a supreme and successful effort to reinforce the men

THE GREAT BREAK-THROUGH

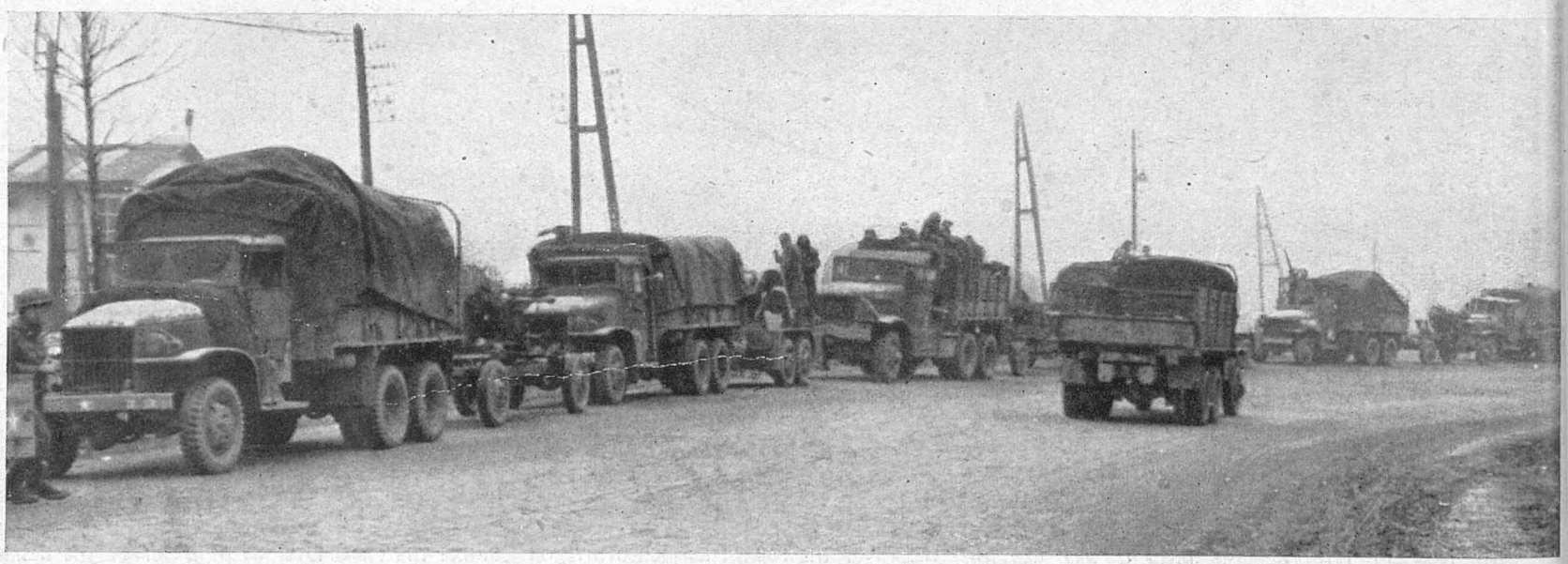
And How it was Countered

First Pictures from the American Army which Bore the Brunt of von Rundstedt's Onslaught in Belgium

IN THE NARROW STREETS OF STAVELOT, WHERE THE BATTLE WAGED FIERCELY. A German Tiger tank knocked out during the pitiless battle. At the time this picture was taken, it was impossible for the cameraman to find cover, as he found himself in the thick of the fight

THE INFANTRY RECEIVE AN ISSUE OF HAND-GRENADES. For the first few days of the German onslaught the struggle was fought out mainly by the foot-soldiers

AFTER THE RECAPTURE BY THE AMERICANS OF THE TOWN OF LA GLEIZE, NEAR STAVELOT. One of the many German Tigers knocked out during the action still burns by the roadside as the U.S. troops re-enter. More than 75 German armoured vehicles were destroyed during this battle



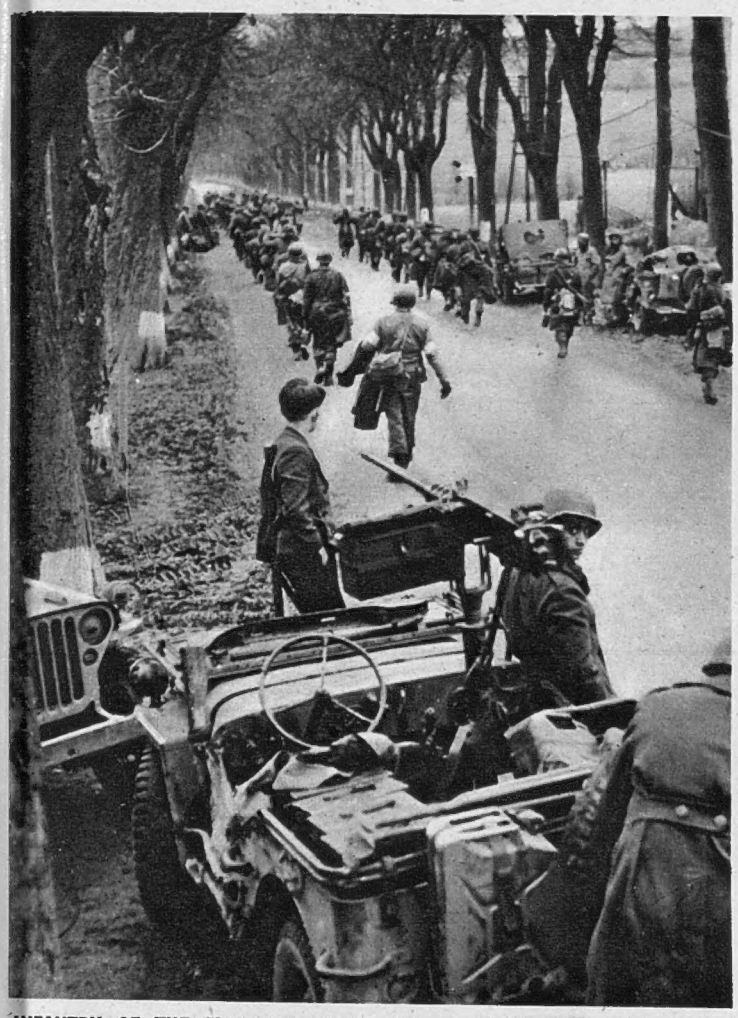
ON ONE OF THE MAIN ROADS JUST BEHIND THE FIGHTING AREA during the counter-attacks by the American Army: A long line of 40-mm. and anti-aircraft guns on the move towards the German spearheads. By the time this picture was taken, most of the traffic was one way, with fresh troops and equipment coming up to help the battle-weary fighting men who had borne the brunt of the German thrust

AN AMERICAN SAPPER PREPARES MINES to act as a road block against the Germans. Thousands of these were laid along the retreat roads, impeding the enemy and inflicting a high percentage of casualties

IN THE VITAL TOWN OF MALMEDY, IN BELGIUM: Troops and armour stream through the narrow streets to take up positions in defence of the town. Malmedy lies on the north side of the big German salient, between Monschau and Stavelot

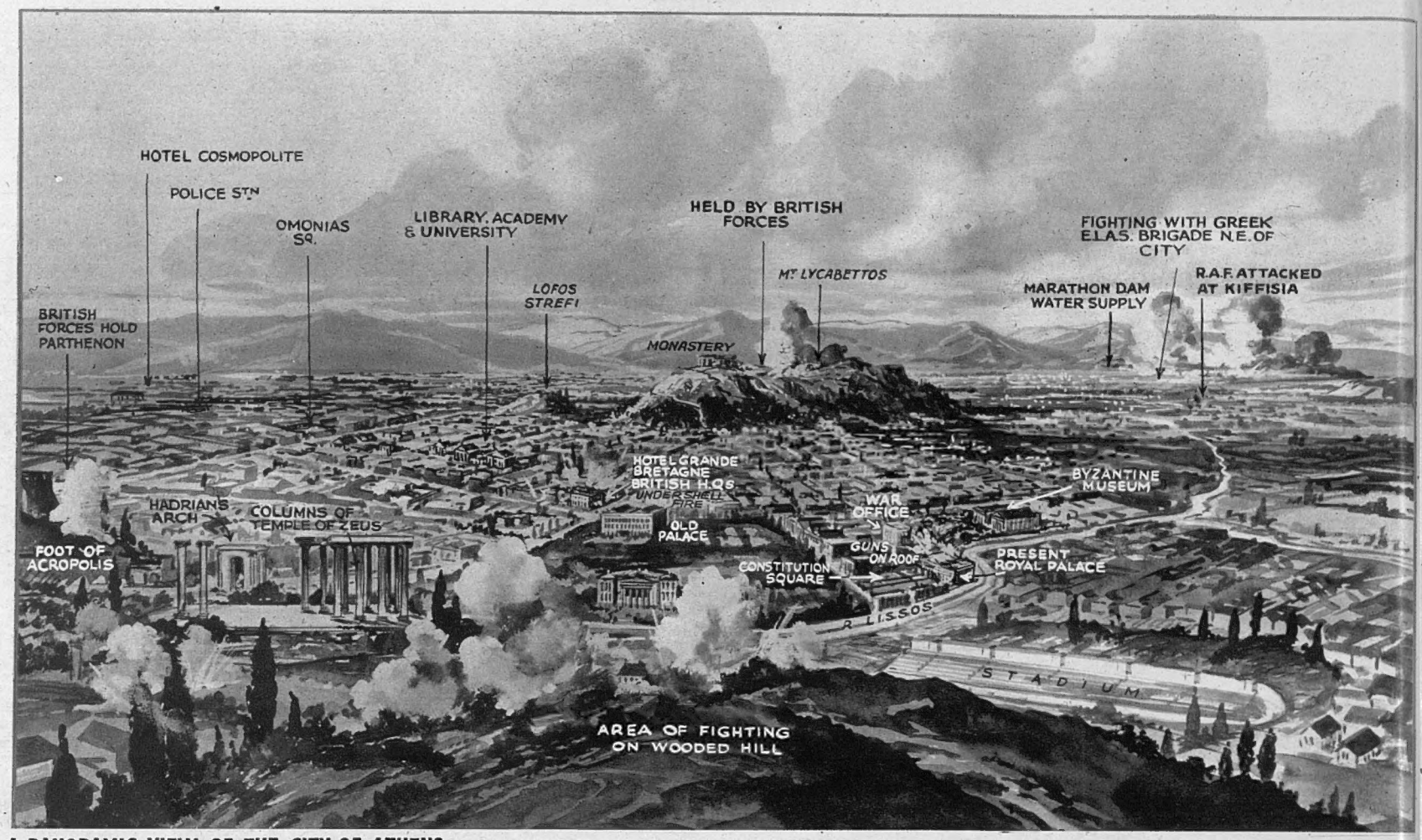
MEN OF AN ARMOURED INFANTRY BATTALION clear away burned-out petrol cans which they destroyed to prevent the fuel falling into enemy hands when the Germans threatened to overrun the dump

A MINE-LAYING CREW DIG HOLES ACROSS A BELGIAN ROAD to conceal their deadly missiles. All sorts of road blocks were used by the Americans in order to gain time while other elements were being sent forward to arrest the strong German thrust



INFANTRY OF THE FIRST U.S. ARMY ON THE MARCH to reinforce other troops on the outskirts of a Belgian town. Fighting in snow and slush, they inflicted appalling losses among the Germans

AMERICAN ARTILLERYMEN SET UP A ROAD BLOCK, including Christmas-trees which they had intended for the "festive season." Behind the barrier they established a 90-mm. gun to stem the German drive to the River Meuse. Note the mist prevailing at the time



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF ATHENS, SHOWING THE POINTS OF GREATEST INTEREST DURING THE PRESENT CONFLICT BETWEEN E.L.A.S. FORCES AND BRITISH TROOPS. This view extends from the Parthenon, at the extreme left, to the Marathon Dam, on the north-eastern side of the city: included are the chief buildings, and the areas in which the heaviest clashes occurred. Most of the principal points are in our hands, and the whole city is dominated by British aircraft—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

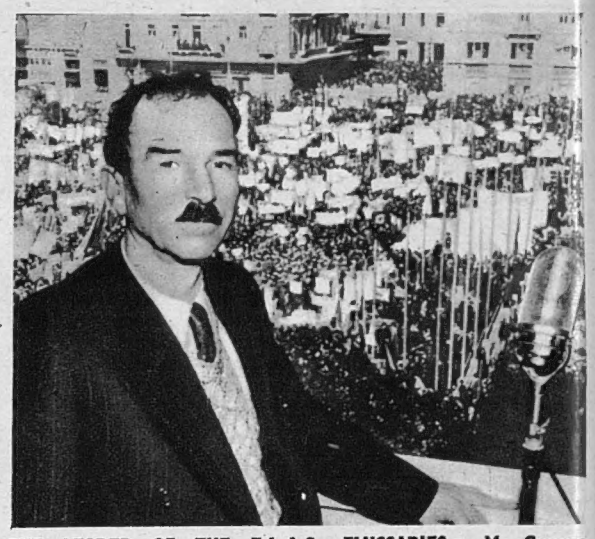
The PREMIER in ATHENS

To Open Talks to End the Deadlock Between the Contending Parties

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE, which began on Boxing Day after the journey of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden to Athens by air. By the light of hurricane lamps (the electricity supply had been cut), and with most of the delegates in overcoats, Archbishop Damaskinos presided over the meeting. On the left are Mr. Eden and Mr. Churchill: next to the Archbishop are Field-Marshal Alexander, Mr. Harold Macmillan and General Scobie. The E.L.A.S. delegates had not arrived when this picture was taken

***On left*—FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER AND MR. ANTHONY EDEN read dispatches before the Conference opens**

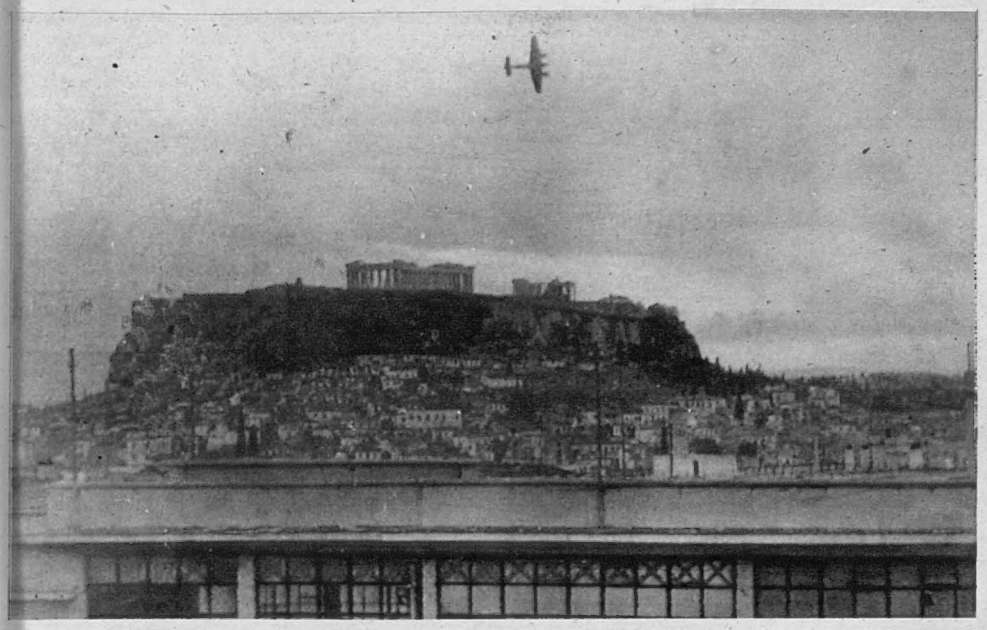
***On right*—ARCHBISHOP DAMASKINOS, who presided at the Conference, with Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden. The Prime Minister was in R.A.F. uniform**



THE LEADER OF THE E.L.A.S. EMISSARIES: M. George Siantos, the General Secretary of the Greek Communist Party. The picture was taken as M. Siantos was addressing a huge crowd of E.L.A.S. partisans in Constitution Square on the occasion of the recent twenty-sixth anniversary of the Greek Communist Party

A STREET SCENE IN ATHENS DURING THE FIGHTING : A civilian in the street is caught between two fires during a sweep against the E.L.A.S. positions. He was so paralysed with fright that a Greek policeman had to emerge from cover to pull him to safety

THE DISCOVERY OF DYNAMITE IN AN ATHENS SEWER. About 15 cwt. of explosive was found in a sewer running in front of the Hotel Grande Bretagne, the British Headquarters in Athens. It had been placed there by E.L.A.S. partisans, and was discovered by a British patrol. A length of wire was intended to set it off. Here the explosive is being removed



AN R.A.F. BOMBER PATROLS THE SKY ABOVE THE PARTHENON. Constant watch was maintained by British aircraft throughout the conflict. When this picture was taken, the Acropolis, key bastion of one flank of the British positions in Athens, was being held by our paratroops against E.L.A.S. snipers

HOW THE E.A.M. HEADQUARTERS WERE OCCUPIED : A British tank was driven right into the entrance to the building, whilst British paratroops stormed into the interior and brought out a number of rebels who had taken refuge there

On right—**BRITISH PARATROOPS HOLD THE PARTHENON IN ATHENS against E.L.A.S. snipers, whilst flares from Allied aircraft light up the city below**
—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When the fighting between the British and E.L.A.S. forces was at its height, British paratroopers held the Acropolis against their opponents, who were in possession of a hill only 700 yards away. The E.L.A.S. fire swept the main staircase, making night the only time when the British position was accessible. Paratroopers watched the rebel movements all day through telescopic sights, and when they had picked their man they dropped him. Great caution was displayed throughout by the British, because the flat surface of the Acropolis offered no protection save around the pillars of the Parthenon and lesser temples, which are now pocked with bullets which left black smudges. Whilst the fighting continued, British aircraft flew over the city, dropping flares to expose the activities of the E.L.A.S. forces in the city itself. The whole incident provided one of the strangest episodes in this strangest of all wars!

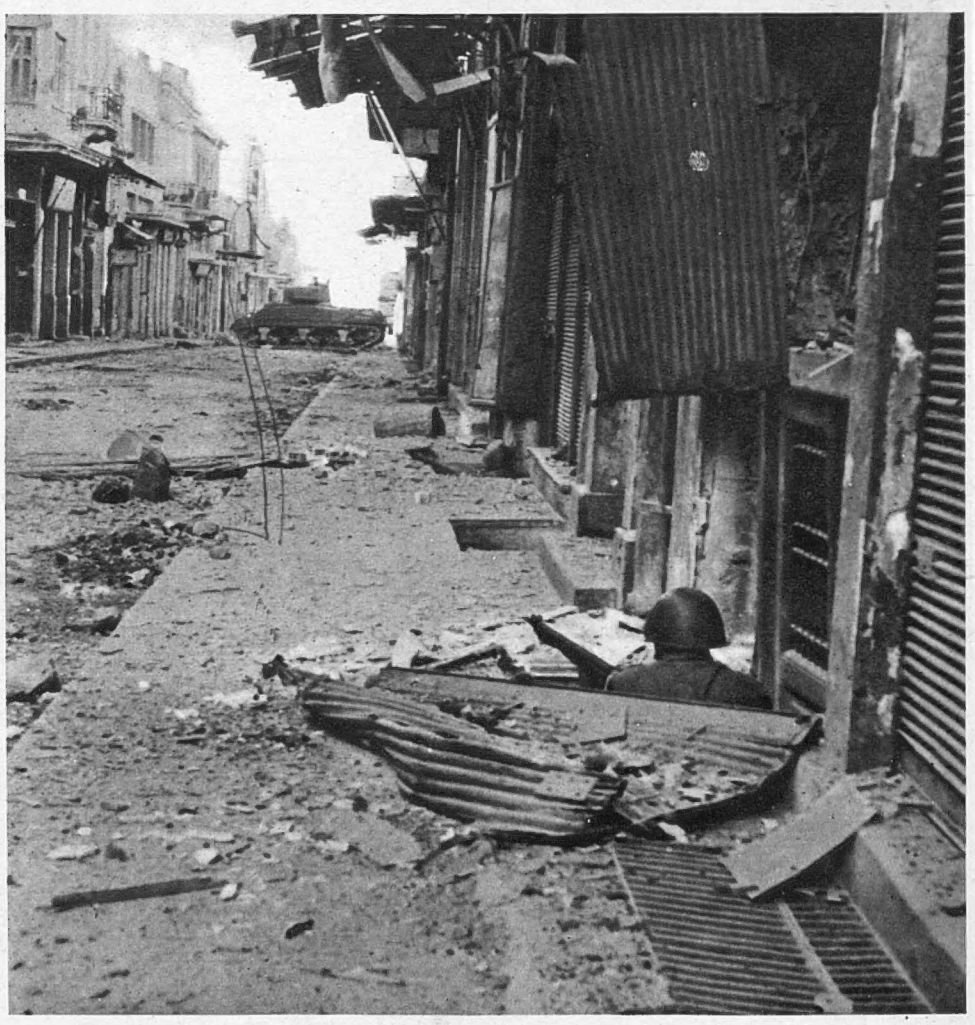
A PICTURE TAKEN IN THE GREEK CAPITAL ON DECEMBER 16, when a company of British paratroops, supported by two Sherman tanks, patrolled the streets from strong-points and searched buildings where E.L.A.S. partisans were thought to be in hiding. With them went Greek policemen (on right). Here soldiers and police are seen moving up warily and under constant sniping into Euripidhou Street, their objective. Note the damage to the buildings caused by shell-fire

The STREET FIGHTING in ATHENS

New Pictures of the British Troops and Greek Police in Action Against the E.L.A.S.

SPEED IS THE MAIN THING in getting away from the areas held by E.L.A.S., in order to beat the snipers whose activities were never-ceasing. The British paratroops are here being supported by a Sherman tank ready to reduce machine-gun nests

MAKING USE OF ALL AVAILABLE COVER, paratroops push on towards the Platia Eleutherias, along Euripidhou Street. The E.L.A.S. had been driven from the line of advance, but were sniping from every side street when this picture was taken



THE TASK OF THE GREEK POLICE was to enter and search buildings on the north side of Euripidhou Street—which was for a time "no man's land" in Athens—after paratroops and tanks had fought their way in and cleared the external resistance. Whilst this work of clearance was going on, the police remained under good cover

ALLIED SUPPLIES Flow into the RESTORED PORT of LE HAVRE

The transatlantic port of Le Havre, at the mouth of the Seine River on the northern coast of France, where the Germans completely destroyed all port facilities, and the great inland port of Rouen on the Seine, also blasted by the enemy, are now restored to a point where more tonnage is being handled than before the war. This has been accomplished by weeks of unrelenting work by Allied port battalions and engineers, aided by French workers, while the harbour and approaches were being cleared of mines by Allied naval units. Major-General Frank S. Ross, Commander of the Marine Operations Division of the U.S. Army Transportation Corps, recently said that European port facilities were assured for the continuance of the winter campaign. Cherbourg is continuing to operate at full capacity, but supplies passing through it are now being hauled by railroads instead of the previous method of motor transport, which covered 2,400,000 ton-miles each day in carrying men, munitions and supplies to the Western Front. Acquisition of the ports of Le Havre and Rouen shortens the overland round-trip haul to the front by approximately 1,350 km. The additional facilities of Antwerp, third port of Europe, which was secured almost intact by the Allies, are daily handling large quantities of supplies for combat forces pushing into Europe. From "D-Day" (June 6, 1944) to December 10, the Continental ports alone handled more than 4,000,000 dead-weight tons of supplies and more than 1,000,000 U.S. soldiers. One thousand locomotives and 30,000 railway cars were landed on the Continent. A total of 17,000,000 tons of supplies, 500,000 vehicles and nearly 2,500,000 Allied troops were landed in the 109 days following "D-Day"

ROWS OF U.S. ARMOUR, JEEPS AND OTHER VEHICLES MASSED ON THE BEACH in front of the Boulevard Albert at Le Havre awaiting shipment to the fighting fronts. They have just been landed from a line of Tank Landing Ships which came direct to this beach after the harbour had been cleared of mines and obstacles. More tonnage is now being handled at Le Havre than even in peacetime

AMERICAN SOLDIERS TRANSFER LOADS OF PETROL CANS from sea-going "Ducks" to railway wagons on the Joannes Couvert quay, for direct shipment to the front

THE SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF LE HAVRE, showing the "Phœnix" which will be sunk and used as a dock for Allied shipping

TROOPS WALK DOWN THE RAMP OF THE FIRST LANDING SHIP to reach the beach in front of the Boulevard Albert. This beach was recently put into operation after the harbour had been cleared of mines and obstacles. The Boulevard was named in honour of the late King of the Belgians, who, in the last war, made his headquarters near this spot

ARMY HALF-TRACKS AND TRUCKS COME ASHORE FROM THE FIRST LINE OF LANDING SHIPS to put into the beach near Le Havre after it had been prepared for their reception. A great flow of material is now entering the Continent by this route

An EPIC of the MERCHANT SERVICE

And a Desperate Battle by Tugs in an Atlantic Gale

—Special Sphere Drawings

The *Ferncastle* was a Norwegian tanker. On June 11, 1943, she left Esperance Bay, in South Australia, bound for the Persian Gulf by way of the Indian Ocean: she was in ballast and alone. On June 17, towards evening, when some 1,000 miles west of Australia and 2,600 miles from Madagascar, she was hit by two torpedoes from a Japanese motor torpedo-boat. Shortly after an enemy auxiliary cruiser was sighted. The skipper of the tanker abandoned ship, the cruiser opened fire and sank the *Ferncastle*, and 19 men of the crew were left with one lifeboat alone in the vast ocean.

The lifeboat was 26 ft. in length, and open; it had one lug-sail on its foremast and another lateen sail was rigged up aft. Provisions consisted of 30 gallons of water, two cases of tinned milk, some canned meat and biscuits; there were also some cigarettes and tobacco—sufficient for 35 to 40 days with strict rationing.

Of the 19 men who set out, 13 survived to reach the coast of Madagascar 31 days later, after one of the epic open-boat voyages of this war. The other 6 men had died during the course of the journey—some of them mad as a result of exposure and suffering. Two of them had been wounded as a result of the shelling of their ship by the Japs.

For navigation there were one compass, a pocket-watch and one pilot-chart of the Pacific, with a current chart of the Indian Ocean on its back. The captain set course for the nearest land: 26 days later, three whales were observed steering west. The captain took it that their course was south of Madagascar, and altered his own slightly to the north: at this point a shark was seen to be following the boat.

Each day was marked with a notch on the railing: when Madagascar was reached there were 31 notches in all, and the distance covered, allowing for deviations, must have been at least 2,850 miles

GERMAN PRISONERS CROWD THE DECK OF A SHIP BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES: Hundreds of soldiers, captured in the Allied drive through France and into Germany, are here jamming the deck of a troop transport headed for America. Two U.S. Coast Guardsmen, from the top of a mast-housing in the centre, stand guard over the prisoners, who will be interned until peace clears the way for the return to their homeland. They are but a small contingent of the 691,984 Germans who surrendered to the Allies between June 6, 1944 and November 21

AN EPIC VOYAGE BY THE SURVIVORS OF A TORPEDOED ALLIED TANKER—2,850 MILES IN AN OPEN BOAT ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN. The men in the "Ferncastle's" long boat, under the command of the tanker's skipper, sight three whales steering west and thus are enabled to check their course: a shark follows the small vessel hopefully! The lifeboat was an open 26-ft. craft, with one big sail on the foremast and a second lateen sail rigged up on another mast aft. The men were at sea for 31 days before finally landing in Madagascar—*Drawing by Montague Dawson* (see notes at left)

***On left*—A TEN-DAY BATTLE BY TWO TUGS DURING AN ATLANTIC GALE, whilst towing a 2,750-ton floating dock**
—Drawing by Wm. McDowell

Two of H.M. Rescue Tugs, *Saucy* and *Lariat*, recently towed a 2,750-ton floating dock for ten days through an Atlantic gale. During this time 18-in. tow-ropes parted under the strain of heavy seas and the dock broke adrift. The two tugs, their crews exhausted and their fuel almost expended, were recalled to the United Kingdom, and other tugs, sent out to relieve them, completed the operation. "The gale blew at full force the whole time," said the commanding officer of the *Saucy*. "The strain on the tow-ropes was terrific. My crew, working on the after deck, which completely submerged at times, were constantly attending to the chafing tow-ropes and repairing the worn wooden protection on the stern tow-rail." The tugs ran into the gale on the first day of their voyage. Their speed was reduced to 2½ knots. They tried to hold the dock on her course by steaming 30 degrees into the gale. Great seas swept through the dock, which was manned by the Royal Navy, and on the second day some of her gear was washed overboard. All through one night, and the next day and night, both tugs were hove-to in the lee of the dock and then, just after enemy submarines had been reported in the area, the *Lariat's* tow parted once again. Now the dock was completely adrift. When the tugs had drifted 60 miles from their course with no sign of the gale abating, the dock crew decided to venture into the flooded dock bottom and make an effort to connect up with the tow-lines. They descended with life-lines, and every man was up to his neck in swirling seas. They worked for hours and succeeded in retrieving the *Saucy's* cable. It was an exhibition of endurance and seamanship the like of which has rarely been seen

THE PARACHUTE LIFEBOAT shown for the first time in completeness. We have previously reproduced pictures showing portions of this craft, but this is the first picture to reach *The Sphere* showing it in full, with sails erected and protective hoods at bow and stern. The lifeboat is slung under the fuselage of the rescue aeroplane and dropped as near to a "ditched" aircraft as possible. On striking the sea, the parachutes on which the boat is slung release themselves, and rockets automatically shoot life-lines to port and starboard, enabling the crew in a dinghy to haul themselves aboard. The lifeboat has two engines, an emergency set of sails, compass, charts, dry clothing, radio and sufficient food and water to last ten men for a week

LEAVING RAVENNA BEHIND, THE CANADIANS MAKE CONSIDERABLE ADVANCES, with the great marsh-lake of Valli di Comacchio on their right flank. The port of Corsini has also been captured—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

MOVING NORTHWARDS IN ITALY

After the Capture of the Towns of Ravenna and Faenza

— Special Sphere Diagram-Drawings

After the fall of Ravenna, the Eighth Army attacked the northern end of the enemy's line stretching from near Faenza, at the foot of the Apennines, to the "inland sea" (as the Valli di Comacchio is sometimes called). This latter is a big sheet of salt water, 87 miles in circumference and cut up into dyked segments for the purpose of extracting salt. Guarding the enemy lines were the River Lamone (flowing from Faenza) and the Naviglio Canal: both these obstacles were overcome by spirited assaults in stormy, wet weather. A bridgehead was secured across the Naviglio Canal which runs almost parallel to it. This took the Eighth Army to the north of Bagnacavallo and in the direction of Alfonsine. Altogether a sufficient advance was made to make the retention by the Germans of the town of Faenza farther to the south-west practically impossible. That city fell to a continued assault as described in the article below and shown in the drawing above

IN RAVENNA: After the Allied entry, partisans gather in the Piazza del Mercato to hear their leaders give thanks for their opposition to the enemy during the German occupation

THE RUINED CITY OF RAVENNA: In the past, it was a favourite spot for tourists; the railway was then the busiest part of the town. Now its station, docks, sidings and industrial centres are almost destroyed. Overgrown grass and weeds emphasise the fact that the marshalling yards have been inactive for some time

The Capture of Faenza:

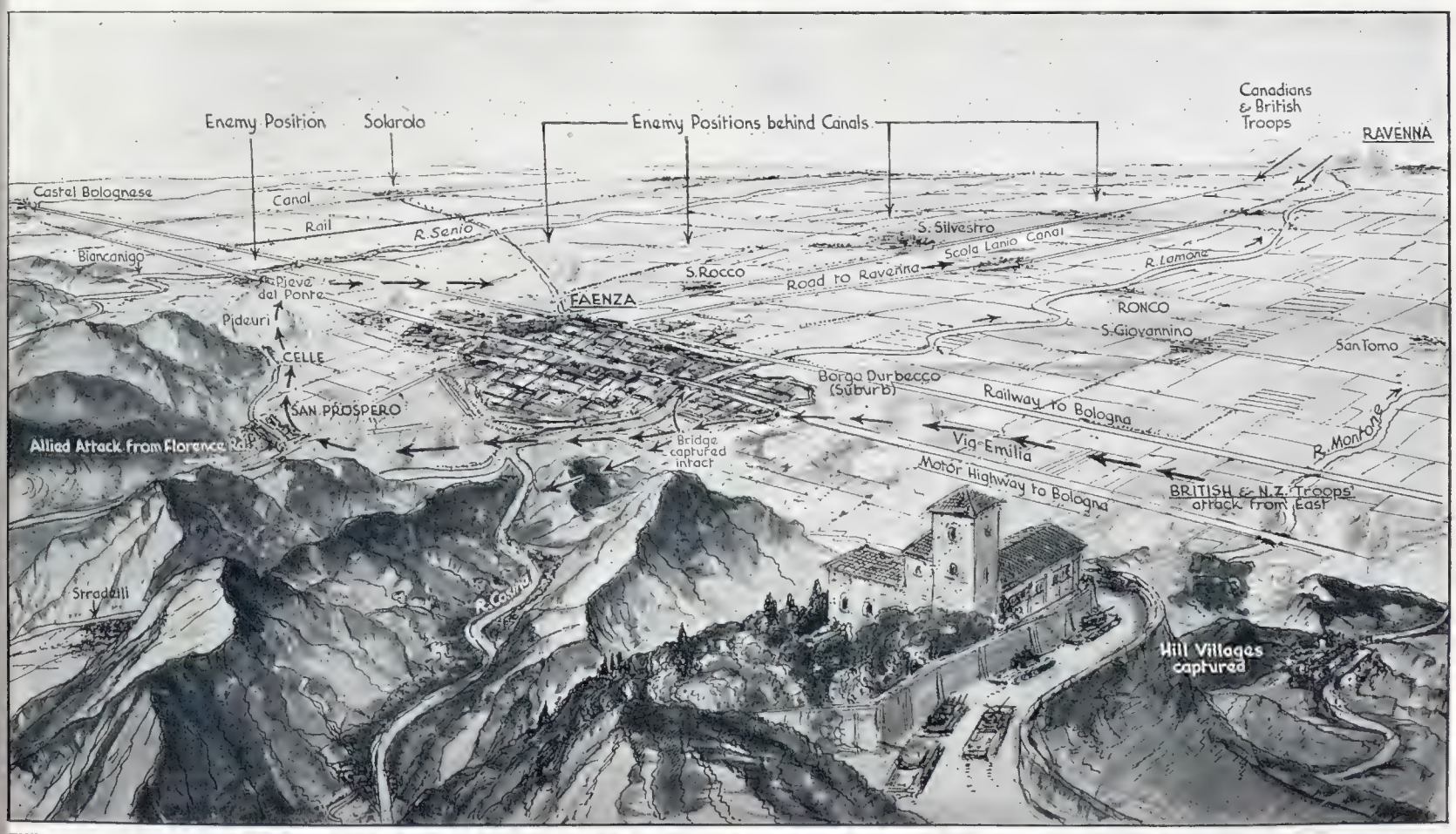
Faenza, a pleasant town situated on the main road from Rimini to Bologna, fell at last on December 17, after a protracted struggle. It was protected on the south and west by the foothills of the Apennines and by the River Lamone which flowed round it. Two other rivers, running down from the mountains and cutting across the Via Emilia, the great highway, proved serious obstacles to the attacking forces advancing from Forli. As it was regarded as one of the main bulwarks of Bologna, the enemy put up a fierce and determined defence. But it was the weather which rendered the advance a slow and dogged progress instead of the quick success which had been hoped for.

The Germans massed tanks and infantry to guard the Montone, where they had strong natural defences. It was crossed, however, up in the mountain area when Modigliana was taken, and also in the north, when the Germans withdrew to the eastern bank after taking San Tomo. A fierce battle was fought by the small River Cosina, which the Twenty-Sixth Panzer Grenadiers were called upon to defend. In spite of their excellent quality and good equipment they suffered a heavy defeat; enabling the Allies to reach the outskirts of Faenza on November 25.

The Eighth Army gathered along the last obstacles, the River Lamone, which guarded Faenza, and the whole eastern bank was cleared as far south as Brusighella, a charming village, with pleasant villas, standing on a mountain slope. Owing to the drenching rain the river was swollen to a width of 50 ft., and the Scola Lama Canal, across which some troops had advanced, was so flooded that food supplies had to be carried in assault boats.

After the fall of Ravenna, Canadians were able to join in the general assault, crossing the Lamone on the north of the city, while British, Indian and Poles struggled forward from the south and east. The little town of San Prospero, important as a road-and-rail junction, was captured, in spite of much demolition and many mines. The Allies got on to a spur of a ridge north of the Florence-Faenza road, near the villages of San Prospero and Pideura. Kesselring threw in tanks, self-propelled guns and infantry from Celle, but they were unable to dispel the Allies from the ridge. The final battle for Faenza began on December 14 and lasted for three days. The attack began from the ridge running between Celle and Pideura. General Freyberg's New Zealand troops took a great part in this final effort and had the honour of entering Faenza on December 17.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE WEATHER ON THE FIFTH ARMY FRONT UP IN THE MOUNTAINS NORTH OF LOIANO: This picture shows better than words can describe how the drive towards Bologna has been hampered by bad weather conditions. In addition to stiff opposition by the Germans, units of the Fifth Army up in the hills have had to face incessant deluges of rain, high winds and mists which have sadly reduced visibility for the infantry and artillery. As this picture was taken, the mists were again creeping up the mountainside towards Loiano, to make things more difficult for troops and transport. For a country so greatly boosted before the war as a land of warmth and sunshine, Italy has proved a very sorry place for our troops, who have suffered great discomfort and hardship since they began to battle their way north towards the Lombardy Plain



THE ALLIES SUCCESSFULLY CROSS THREE RIVERS TO CAPTURE THE IMPORTANT ITALIAN TOWN OF FAENZA, AT THE FOOT OF THE APENNINES, after the previous entry into Ravenna, to the east, had threatened the Germans with "encirclement." At this point the mountains drop away dramatically to the plainlands which run down to the Adriatic Sea. From right to left in this view are seen the motor highway and railway to Bologna: farther to the east are the many rivers cutting across the plain which had to be surmounted by the Eighth Army before and after their capture of Ravenna (*See notes at left*)—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

ON TO WISSEMBOURG : Light and heavy vehicles, tanks, guns, infantry—all pouring along the road to the German frontier. A scene with the Seventh Army in the Maginot Line elbow as the men who landed in Southern France prepared to cross into Germany

IN THE ELBOW OF THE MAGINOT LINE

Where the U.S. Seventh Army are Operating in Front of Karlsruhe

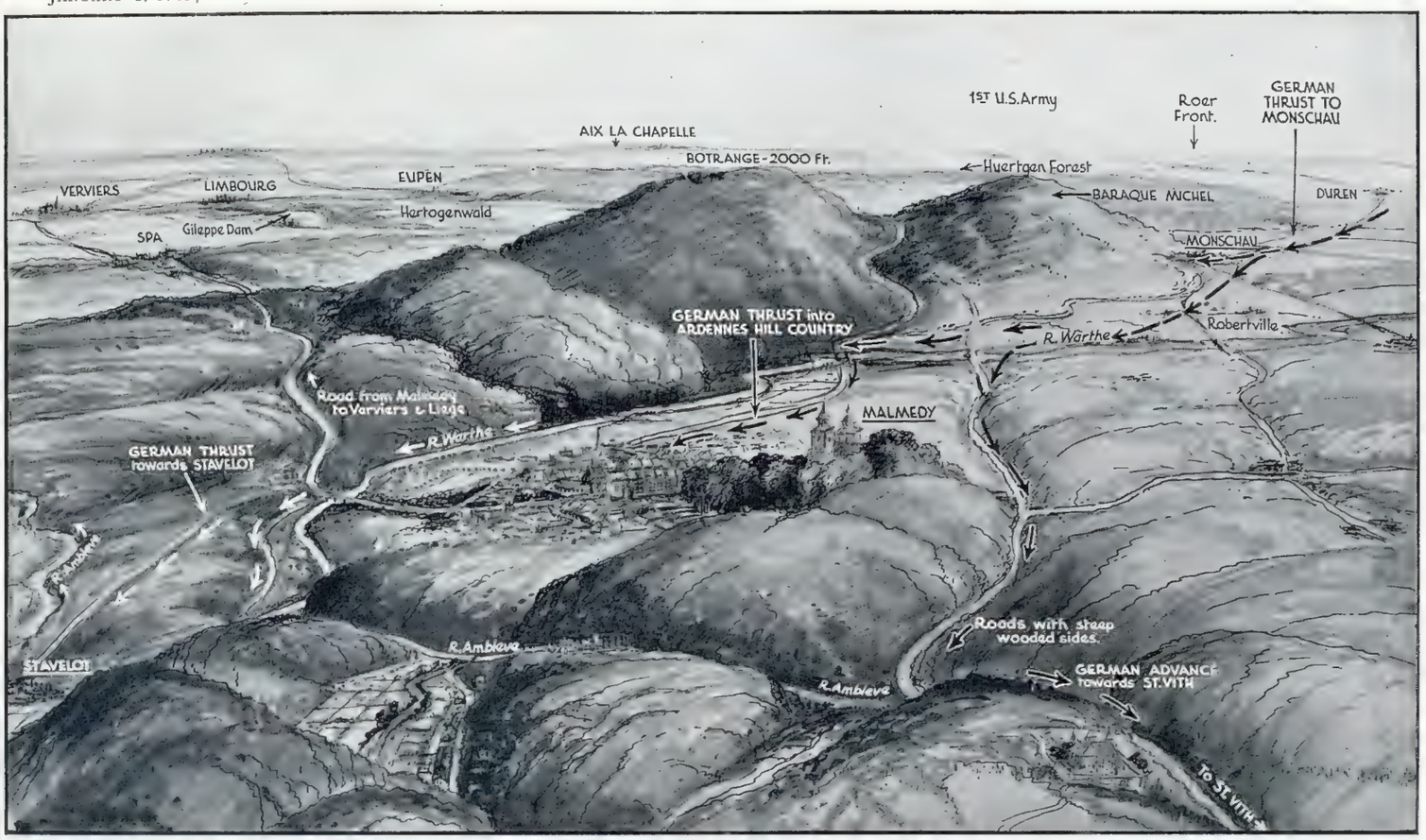
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF HAGUENAU, the last important Alsatian town before the German border was reached, by the Seventh Army. Here a crowd of civilians are seen outside the Rathaus, or Town Hall, waiting for instructions regarding food, housing, etc. Note the French flag now displayed on the balcony.

MILITARY TRAFFIC PASSING THROUGH THE MAIN STREET OF LAUTERBOURG, the Alsatian-German border town, the last part of French territory to be liberated by the American Seventh Army in its advance towards Karlsruhe

AMERICAN TANKS IN LAUTERBOURG FIRE IN TWO DIRECTIONS at enemy positions near the town. When this picture was taken, fighting was still going on in the woods at the far end of the town. These woods are actually within German territory

THE THRUST OF THE AMERICAN SEVENTH ARMY TOWARDS KARLSRUHE : After the capture of Haguenau, in the elbow of the Maginot Line, they advanced to Sultz and Lauterbourg, on the edge of the Palatinate—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

When the Seventh Army broke into the upper, or northern, part of Alsace, they found themselves in the 25-mile wide corridor of the Rhine Valley, at a point where the river itself is about 220 yards wide at most places. The U.S. forces then pushed on and secured the Haguenau-Bischwiller area. Haguenau and the forest to which it gives its name figured in the war of 1870 during the operations against Strasbourg. The forest stretches from the Rhine to the foothills of the Vosges. The Seventh Army pressed on rapidly round its eastern and western sides and joined up on its north side, in order to consolidate a joint thrust towards Wissembourg. The forward surge of the Seventh Army took them to Sultz and Lauterbourg, where the American forces were within nine miles of Karlsruhe, the busy industrial city in the Hardtwald. To the north of them lay another forest mass, the Bienwald, on the German side of the frontier Both Wissembourg and Lauterbourg are on the very ridge of the angular point, or elbow, presented by Alsace-Lorraine, which here thrusts towards the German province of Baden

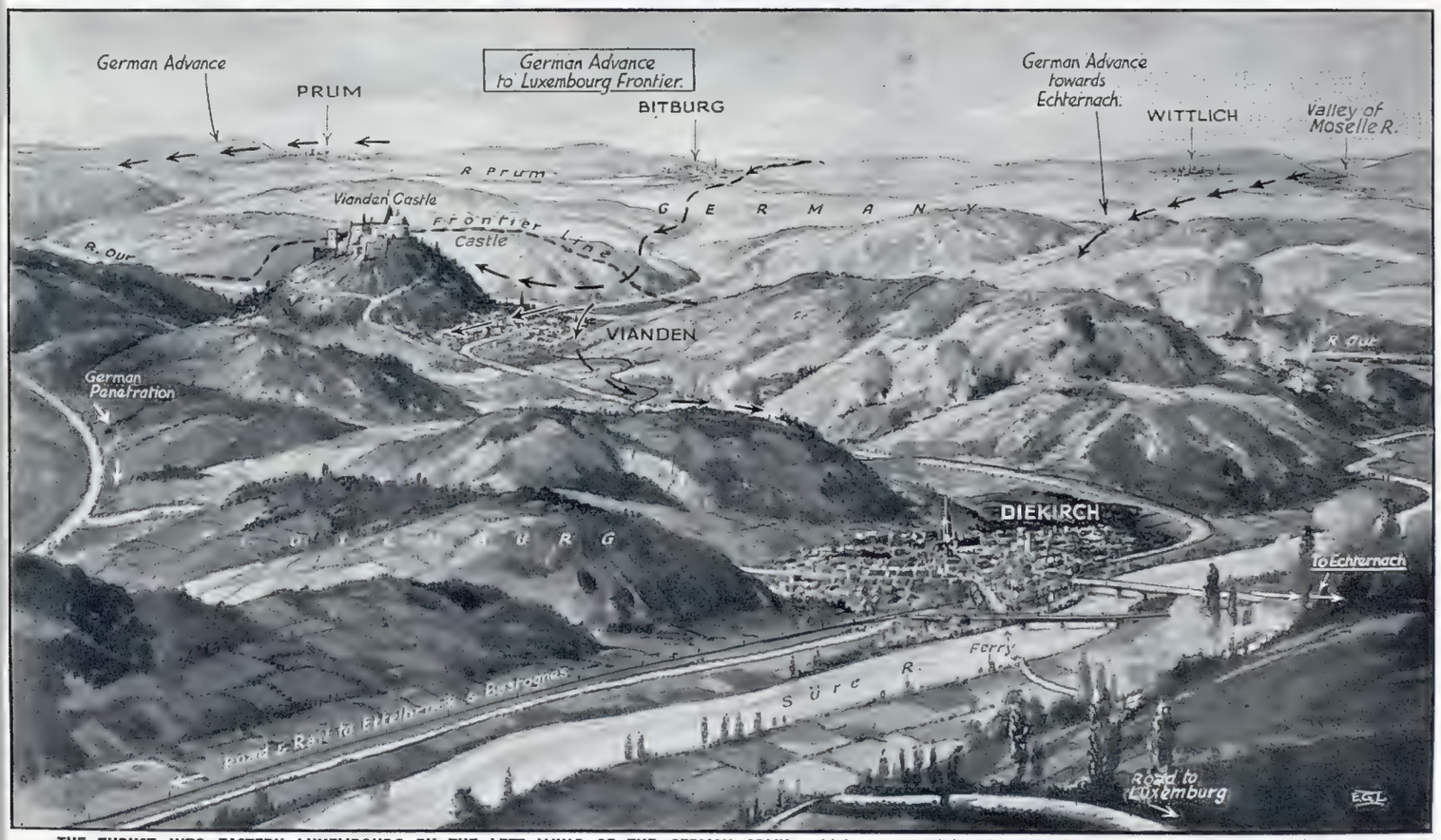


VON RUNDSTEDT LAUNCHES HIS GREAT BLOW AT THE AMERICANS IN THE REGION OF MALMEDY: The Monschau-Malmedy-Stavelot area, where the German columns broke through towards Belgium in the heavily-wooded Ardennes—*Drawing by Percy Home*

When the Germans initiated their big counter-attack against the American forces, their columns broke through to a hilly region of the Ardennes. Some of the highest ground in the long western battle-zone occurs here: it takes the form of a long ridge running roughly north-east to south-west; with the two main hills shown in the drawing above, it cuts off the Huertgen Forest area (where the First U.S. Army have been fighting for so long) from the territory invaded by the German columns. The latter appear to have moved first towards Monschau, on the upper waters of the Roer; then, after being shouldered off here, to have proceeded down the valley of the Warthe towards Malmedy, a provincial town once distinguished as the capital of a small German State under a Prince-Bishop. More recently the place has been known as a busy commercial centre. All the roads thread their way through hills, and most of them are densely wooded on both sides. An occasional river valley presents a strip of flat ground. A road leading to St. Vith, also reached by the Germans in the first week of the offensive, figures in the foreground of the view given here. In the background are the important towns of Limbourg (with its adjacent dam) and Verviers, on the road to Liége

THE BIG GERMAN PUSH

How it Developed through Belgium and Luxembourg
—Two Special Diagram Drawings



THE THRUST INTO EASTERN LUXEMBOURG BY THE LEFT WING OF THE GERMAN ARMY, which passed right through the small Duchy—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Although information was at first scanty, owing to the necessity of denying the enemy news as to the precise movements of his various paratroops and moving columns, it soon became evident that the Germans were also advancing in the regions on the southern side of the "quiet" area between units of the U.S. Army. One unit has been operating on the Roer front, and the other against the Saar positions. Enemy columns pushed their way through such defences as the Allies had installed in the region of Eastern Luxembourg: this area extends roughly from Vianden to Echternach and is as hilly as the Ardennes, and as wooded. The Our and a number of streams intersect this frontier region. At Vianden, on the summit of a detached rock mass, can be seen the remains of the ancient chateau which links the old and modern parts of the town—reminder of the days when it was the capital of a group of small principalities governed by the Counts of Vianden. Eventually the little place became incorporated into modern Luxembourg. Echternach, also passed by the Germans in their first rush, lies in a region known as "little Switzerland." All the valleys on both sides of the River Süre are wooded, the scenery sometimes rising to a wild grandeur of rock and forest

WINTER SCENES among the FLOODS of HOLLAND

Where British Troops are Holding the Line Amidst Flooded Rivers and Canals

THE RIVER MAAS IN FLOOD NEAR MAESEYK: Owing to the incessant rainfalls during the last week in November, the river rose over its banks. British troops, in consequence, had to work up to their knees in water. This picture was taken as a party of Royal Engineers made their way with difficulty to their dinner along a road marked by a line of stakes

Below—**FIVE THOUSAND DUTCH PEOPLE ARE RESCUED FROM THE FLOODED BETUWE, the plain between the Lower Rhine and the Waal**
—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

The British authorities have recently evacuated 5,000 people from the Betuwe to Belgium in ten days, thanks to excellent organisation. Flooding after the Germans had reached the dykes made the situation hopeless. Danger of epidemics arose from the carcases of thousands of cows floating in the water. The evacuees were transported by car to centres for registration and vaccination, and then by train to Flanders. A mother of ten children said: "All these people have been so good to us. How wonderfully the Tommies have arranged everything!" The leader of this enormous job was Colonel H. G. V. Milward, Royal Artillery, who praised highly all the people working under his command. "One would expect downhearted and exhausted people, but the trains have arrived with people singing 'Houdt er den moed maar' ('Keep your spirits up')," said a Dutch liaison officer with the British Army

A HOT MEAL FOR BRITISH TROOPS IN AN ADVANCED POSITION ALONG ONE OF THE DUTCH RIVERS, where a rough-and-ready trench system has been established. All around are the monotonous plains and waterways of the flat Dutch countryside in winter—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Throughout the area dominated by the Maas River, the British troops holding the line against the Nazis are seldom dry. Along the river and canal banks they live in trenches—crude imitations of those used in the 1914-1918 War; or else in foxholes or slit-trenches, over which rough roofs have been thrown: sometimes, these shelters can be no more than 3 ft. deep, because of the water which seeps through everywhere in this water-logged countryside. Beyond the flat, unbroken stretches of water, the only sights are windmills, church towers and village houses. "Hot meals are taken to our forward positions before dawn and after dusk, but with great difficulty," wrote one observer with the Second Army. "The mail goes up well, often within two or three days, and the officers see that the men are kept up to date with the war news. Precautions are taken against trench feet, from which both the Germans and Americans are now suffering a good deal, but which we have so far avoided"

THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH IS SLOWLY DISAPPEARING IN THE FLOODED AREAS OF HOLLAND: In the Nijmegen region, at the north of the line, the British forces are living and fighting in water. Roads (which are nearly all sunk below the level of the surrounding country) are completely flooded: what higher ground there is, has been turned into marshland like that seen above

BEHIND the LINES with the BRITISH ARMY in HOLLAND

Some of the Sights and Scenes Within the Battle Areas

Just before Christmas, many of our soldiers who were lucky enough to get leave to England paid a visit to the Brussels shops and market-places for toys and presents to take home. Others who were not so lucky nevertheless did a tour of the shops and posted their gifts home. Busy scenes were to be witnessed in all the shops and stores, where a good supply of articles was to be found. There were also special gift stores established by the Allied authorities, where many goods confiscated from the Germans were put on sale

A SCENE IN BRUSSELS, where British troops have been shopping before coming home for leave: a group in the market-place are here buying fruit of the most luscious kind prior to embarking for England

ON A DUTCH AIRFIELD: Heavy rains had caused floods which isolated these airmen's billets. Petrol-cans, instead of stepping-stones, marked the way to the cookhouse at meal-time

MUD, RAIN AND SLEET ARE ENCOUNTERED EVERY DAY: Many of the men's tasks have to be performed out in the open, but between times they take what shelter they can. Here a small party are seen returning from a patrol along a muddy and snowy farm-track

HOW SOME OF THE MEN LIVE—in makeshift homes along the Dutch canals. British troops have lived in some queer places since they invaded the Continent. Here are seen some men of a field company on a canal in Weerte, near Roermonde. The barges were abandoned by their owners when the Second Army attacked this sector. While one man hauls up water for the evening wash, another airs his blankets on deck and two others prepare to go ashore for the evening

TIME TO "BREW UP": A member of a tank crew picks his way through the thick mud to get water for the tea. This picture comes from the area east of Geilenkirchen, in the capture of which this British tank took part. Throughout recent weeks the tank crews have found the mud as difficult to overcome as the Germans. Floods and incessant rains have converted all of the fighting areas in Holland into quagmires through which it has been exceedingly hazardous to move heavy vehicles

DOGS HELP TO SAVE THE LIVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS: They were used thus during the operations around Venlo, to detect the mines laid by the Germans along the railway track. By employing these specially-trained animals, much valuable time was gained and many lives were saved

A VILLAGE SCENE IN GERMANY: A knocked-out enemy tank, shattered trees and a devastated group of houses make up a dismal scene. Nothing moves at this spot—but about a mile farther up the road a fierce battle was raging for the town of Julich and for the last enemy pocket of resistance along the Roer River

EXPOSED TO ALL KINDS OF WEATHER, men of the R.E.M.E. work at top speed to keep tanks and vehicles in running order. The conditions have been extremely bad during recent weeks, but neither the rains nor the mud has been allowed to interfere with the efficiency of fighting vehicles or of supply and ammunition lorries

LONDON'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS IN ACTION IN HOLLAND: The men of this heavy A.-A. battery of the Royal Artillery, having been all through the London raids, are now at the front with the guns they once used at Blackheath. Instead of shooting at the "Luftwaffe," they have now turned their 3·7-in. guns into ground artillery

IN SPAIN—THE "MOST FANTASTIC" WEDDING OF THE WAR. The scene in front of the High Altar in Seville Cathedral during the marriage of Prince Pedro of Orleans-Braganza (grandson of the first Emperor of Brazil) and Princess Esperanza de Bourbon-Orleans. From left to right are—the Infante Don Carlos (the bride's father); the bridegroom; the bride; and the Countess Dobrezensky (the bridegroom's mother). Three thousand guests, fantastic splendour and pageantry, "waterfalls" of jewels and opulent receptions were all features of this wedding, which has been described as the most fantastic of the war

PICTURES from MANY QUARTERS

Showing War Activities in All Parts of the Globe

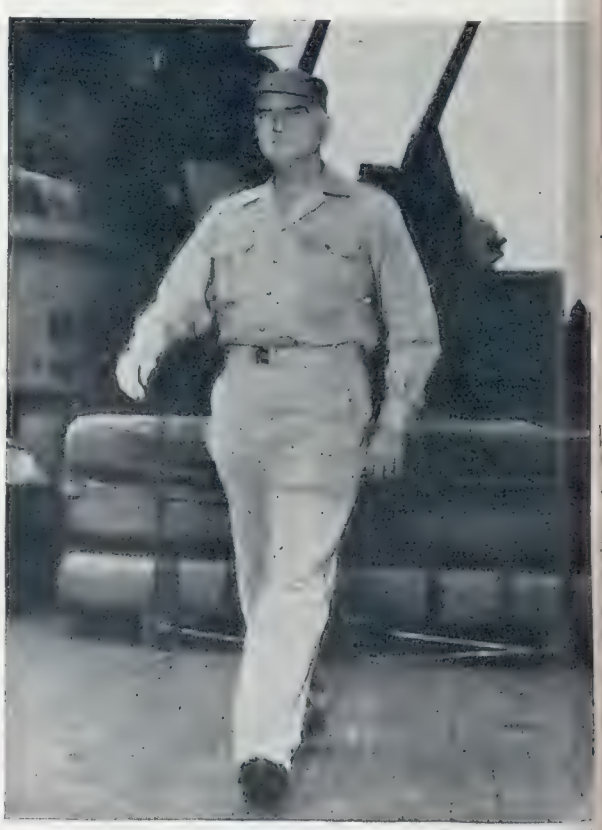
THE RETURN HOME OF THE NORWEGIANS: The Military Mission headed by Colonel Dahl, has started its work in the liberated area in the north. The first civilian authorities have already been appointed, and the Norwegians from England and those on the home front are already united. Here Colonel Dahl is being greeted by the newly-appointed Mayor of Kirkenes, Herr Dolvik

GENERAL LEESE VISITS LEAVE CENTRES IN CALCUTTA: Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese, Commanding Allied Land Forces, S.E.A.C., is seen on the left at the famous "Museum" leave centre with Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Burrows

A RED CROSS EXHIBITION IN CAIRO, showing work carried out by the Red Cross in the Middle East, was opened by General Sir Bernard C. J. Paget, who was accompanied by Mrs. Anne Bryans, Deputy Commissioner, Red Cross, Middle East

A PROPAGANDA PICTURE TO SHOW THAT HITLER IS ALIVE: In an effort to disprove rumours that all was not well with Hitler, German newspapers published this picture of the Führer reported to have been taken on Monday, December 4, on the occasion of the visit of the Hungarian Quisling Szalasi to his H.Q. It is the first picture of Hitler to come out of a neutral country since September 25. Szalasi is on the left; Ribbentrop on the right

THE UNIFORMS OF AMERICA'S WOMEN SOLDIERS ADAPTED TO MANY DIFFERENT CLIMATES. Four members of the Women's Army Corps here demonstrate their latest uniforms, designed for the varying climates in which they may be called on to serve. They are wearing, left to right: a full Arctic outfit, a tropical uniform, the inner suit of the Arctic outfit and the regulation winter uniform. These are provided free for "other ranks" of the Corps: commissioned officers must buy their own



THE COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN THIRD FLEET IN THE PACIFIC on the deck of his flagship. Admiral William F. Halsey, Junior, is one of America's naval heroes. He was placed in command of the U.S. Third Fleet in June 1944, after distinguished service as Commander of Allied Forces in the South Pacific area. In a three-month period beginning in September 1944, he directed the Third Fleet in operations that resulted in enemy losses of 3,446 planes destroyed, 162 warships sunk or damaged and more than 600 merchant ships sunk or damaged

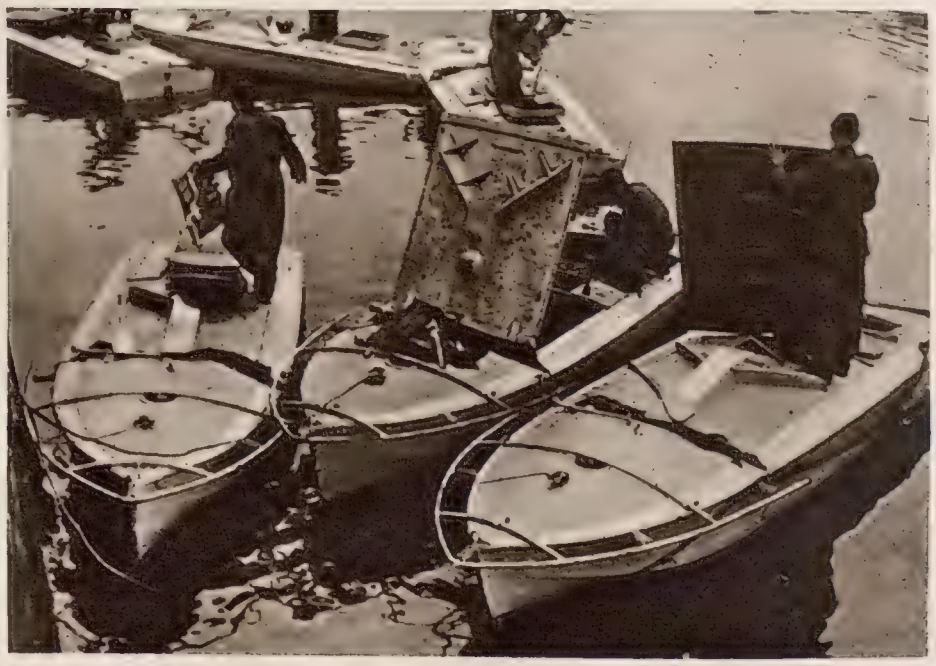
LIFE IN THE HEART OF CHINA : A scene in Kunming. Although China has been at war for many, many years, life still goes on as usual among the civilian population. This is the Nanping Theatre in Shiao Tung Kai Street in Kunming. Note the ancient-type paving of the street, despite the modernity of the theatre structure. The title in Chinese on front of the building advertises a picture from the U.S.—*Behind the Rising Sun*

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CHINESE CITY OF KUNMING : This strikingly-modern building has been erected on terraced land at the foot of Western Hill, near Kunming Lake. It is the residence of Lu Tze An, Civil Administrator of the huge Province of Yunnan. The building was put up by Lu Kang Gee, a Chinese architect who achieved fame despite that he is unable to read or write in any language

THE FIRST GERMAN PICTURE OF THE FIGHTING IN HUNGARY : German propaganda has been very quiet about the Red Army's progress, and there have been few pictures from the German side concerning the battles round Lake Balaton, before Budapest or in the Miskolez region. This picture, however—wired from Stockholm—shows a German tank in action on the highway leading out of the latter town, an important Hungarian armaments centre near the Czechoslovak border. Here Germans and Hungarians were pushed out by the Russians after several weeks of hard fighting

ROCKET SHELL-FIRE ON THE EASTERN FRONT. This picture shows a barrage put up by the Germans during counter-attacks against the Russians. The rockets have just been launched against the Red Army in clouds of smoke and flame

ANOTHER NAZI "SECRET WEAPON"—the anti-aircraft tank : The Germans have just released this picture of a tank equipped with its own anti-aircraft defence. To counter the Allied tank-busting planes, these big panzers have been armed with multiple A.-A. guns



THE GERMAN V-BOATS preparing to make a sortie : According to the German details received with this picture through a neutral source, the crews of these one-man charge boats are preparing for another assault on British and American targets. The boats are filled with explosives and driven to their objective—a ship, a bridge or other marine object. Just before the explosion the pilot bales out and tries to reach safety

GERMAN HOPES FOR THE YEAR 1945

What the Nazis May Hope to Accomplish on the Political, Psychological and Military Fronts

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THIS is the seventh distinct, or separate, year to be dominated by the war, and the fact must loom largely in any stocktaking at the present time. For if any conclusion is to be drawn from recent Allied miscalculations, taken side by side with the direction given to German opinion, it is that the Nazis pin their hopes to two principal eventualities, one of which is that Western ardour to plod ahead to complete victory is liable to wilt if submitted to sufficient stresses. The other main hope is exclusively military, being centred on a big extension of V weapons in association with an unorthodox recasting of battle technique to the end that remaining manpower, and means and the methods employed may correspond to Germany's new and tight defensive situation.

There is no point in denying that the turn of the year finds the Western Allies sagging a bit, emotionally, or that this is due to German cleverness as well as to faulty deduction and unchecked optimism.

Goebbels has a well-paying routine of helping us to think that Germany is on the final toboggan. He used it first over Stalingrad, when his surprising wails puzzled our psychological boys. But the little Herr Doktor knew what he was about, and soon we settled down to comprehending that the woe-is-us business in Nazi hands has the dual effect of stimulating Germans to fight and labour more desperately, and of interfering with the warlike temper and stretched production of certain of their opponents.

All through the autumn Goebbels and his staff went on limning Germany's position in the bluest outline. He did nothing to correct the certitude of swift victory that was suffered by our rulers to catch on here and in America. On the contrary, it was as if Goebbels had said: "Let them spend their time discussing what they 'll do with Germany! Let them occupy themselves with their wonderful new world and post-war planning, with their electioneering and demobilisation talk! The more they get absorbed by a to-morrow frame of mind, the less enthusiastic will they feel when they are pulled back to to-day by the impact of Rundstedt's blow!"

The choice of an American army as target carried the Nazis' psychological warfare a stage farther. There has been a lot of comparing of March 1918 with December 1944, yet no one has paused to reflect how the removal of Gough, followed by acute Anglo-French differences and a crisis in the Supreme Command, might, in the Nazi estimate, be logically repeated as a result of the recent Ardennes crash-through. Just as Gough, Foch and Haig were the principals in a concussion which badly shook the Allies of that day, so must the Nazis hope that Hodges, Eisenhower and Montgomery will figure in a kindred show-down and antagonism now.

The enemy is likely to be disappointed, but it should never be forgotten that one of his long-lived hopes is that the run of military and political events in Europe may "brown-off" the Americans and deflect their major activities elsewhere before Germany is beaten. In November 1943 they were expressing the belief that this process would set in after the Presidential election of 1944; but don't let us lose sight of it; it would even be in character for the Germans to stage another all-out attack on an American army.

The Germans are welded into such a fatalistic, ghastly whole that they are immune from this kind of thing: which of their armies takes the knock.

Nor need they worry about the state of the lands they leave behind them: the worse condition these are in when taken over as our first victory legacy, the better for the Germans, who, moreover, are indubitably taking a covert part in setting the old regimes against the Resistance movements. The Germans have left agents in every capital whose presiding mission it is to help in the work of sitting on Europe's attempts to shake free of the gory and undernourished past. It is the most obvious thing in the world for them to do, since they want revolution, and they know that the best way to stave off revolution is for old authority to go more than half-way forward to meet a Continent's new mood.

During 1945 the Germans will keep the liberated territories fixedly in mind, for they can hope to draw some of their best surviving sustenance from the political tangles and physical distresses which may continue and even deteriorate. There is no worse blow to a liberated land than for the Allies to let the Germans back into it, and, of course, the rush back into Belgium was planned for the political disarray it would cause, as well as for its purely military effect on Eisenhower's strategy. As a means of dragging out the war through the current year in the hope of several things turning up, Rundstedt's push is a model they may try to repeat.

HOMELESS AGAIN AFTER THE GERMAN BREAK-THROUGH: Carts and bicycles piled high with bedding and suit-cases; women, children and old men dragging their belongings along the shelterless roads of Eastern Belgium. For the majority of these refugees it is the second time during this war that they have been forced to evacuate their homes and villages as the Germans advance

DIRECTING THE NEW OFFENSIVE: Field-Marshal Karl von Rundstedt, C.-in-C. of the German forces in the West, who is leading the offensive against the U.S. First Army. He is credited by German prisoners to have planned the blow himself, but reports from Germany mention Hitler as the brains behind the offensive

VON RUNDSTEDT STUDIES THE PLANS: A picture taken at the German Headquarters on the Western Front, showing General Model (left) and Field-Marshal von Rundstedt (extreme right), with two staff officers

What the Germans would hate us to develop is a better adjustment in these half-distracted and suffering ex-occupied territories, between their military protection coupled with the furtherance of the offensive, and the granting to them of promised relief and the right of self-disposal.

The Nazi Fifth Column is going into action this year in an international way it hasn't done since 1939, with prime mission to tangle up affairs for the Western liberators so that their populations shall weary of the endless warring which seems to make things only more confused and dangerous, and in time communicate their "fed-uppedness" to the combat forces.

I hardly think the above is a politically one-sided reading of what the Nazis hope to encompass on the political and psychological side *im Westen*. As regards the East, the most audacious effort would assuredly be a favouritism to Russian prisoners and a piping-down on the awfulness of Bolshevism. Both are reported in connection with attempted recruiting for a "revolutionary people's movement," whose put-up Führer is the White Russian Vlasov. Similar "liberation" movements around Doriot and Degrelle are foreseen, with the employment of many active partisans in France and Belgium.

On the military side, the V weapons take pride of place in German minds. Already they are said to range up to V 5, and the general public should hear of their extension only after new ones have been some time in action. The main idea is presumably to keep as near England as possible, to produce underground, to move up to launching sites by night and to locate the latter in occupied towns, at once to terrorise the inhabitants and to curb our bombers' attentions lest we wreak more havoc on our friends. Without succumbing to flesh-creeping Stockholm tales, my belief is that V weapons are likely to affect increasingly the course of operations, even if they can never substitute for an air force. Even so, the Germans have managed to "regain their sight" with the lightning Swallows and to restore a good measure of their fighter prowess, while their flak over oil refineries has grown to be prodigious.

Then there are the new U-boats which "breathe" when submerged. The "Snorts" can recharge their batteries at night without surfacing, though whether they really can remain under water from twenty to thirty days, reaching far-distant seas in immunity, remains to be shown. Yet it is necessary to consider a U-boat revival in connection with the Allies' admitted lack of shipping space due to an unforeseen prolongation of the war in Europe colliding with heavy commitments entered into for the Pacific front, which, it was hoped, would operate only when considerably less tonnage would be needed for Europe. To say as much is not to show an unjustified lack of optimism, but to pursue my purpose of giving the reasons why Germany expects to be able to prolong the war.

If lack of shipping should restrict such relief plans as are fructifying, that is bound to have repercussion on the single-purposeness of downing Germany in the field.

Viewed from a different angle, note how Germans are being kept going by good food, apparently the second reason why they don't exert themselves against the Nazi Party, the first being the Himmler hold.

Coming to the German armies, the hope is to prolong things by a series of innovations and new conceptions, while trusting to a continuance of Hitler weather, with, maybe, some artificial fog thrown in at decisive moments.

A first care is to provide better arms to compensate for less and rawer soldiers. The Royal Tigers and Panther tanks are cases in point, and, doubtless, our "Intelligence" could tell of more. The enemy is relying on a more ferocious breed than ever to give full effect to what is placed in its hands, and the more boylike, the more savage. German boy-power is emphatically a thing we have to reckon with in computing "how long it will last," even, it would seem, up to a certain point woman-power. German women are being killed in action for the first time in the West.

Then there are the tricks of dressing in Allied uniforms and piercing the Allied lines, and of Nazi guerillas putting armbands on and taking them off. Anything that can be thought of will be done, and this despite the fact that other army staffs have long voted certain tricks impracticable, apart from their being against the code. Nazis don't care if they shoot their own in error, when these are in enemy uniform. And nor do the shot care!

The last ounce must be got from the *Wehrmacht* by any and every means, in order to drag out the war. The last ounce, too, by the careful capture of natural defence country. To cling to natural bastions while sallying forth from them on spoiling raids far behind his opponents' lines must henceforth be Rundstedt's dream. He should be well served by espionage, never better coached and located, thanks to all the moving around.

S/S on 8½ × 6½

BRITISH and INDIANS in ACTION in BURMA

MEN OF THE BRITISH THIRTY-SIXTH DIVISION, HEADED BY A PIPER OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS, marching down the single-track railway towards the capture of Pinwe. This picture was taken on St. Andrew's Day—a great day with the Scots!

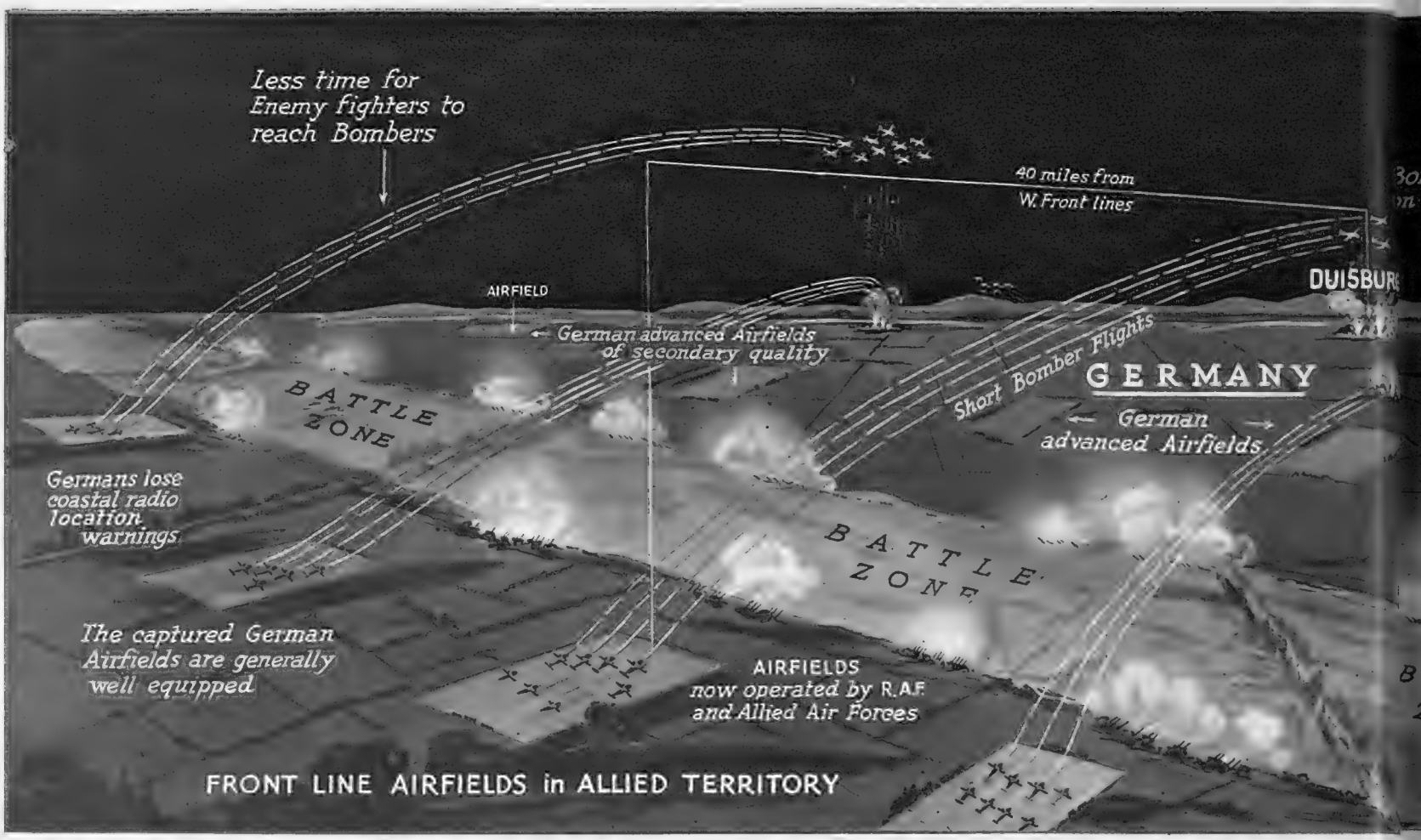
PRESSING ON TO PINWE: Men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers moving up through the jungle just before the occupation of the village. Fighting their way from station to station down the lonely single-track railway which is the only really passable track in the North Burma country, the 36th Division moved in pursuit of the Japs. They made comparatively slow progress, capturing—usually after a bitter struggle—the string of villages whose strategic importance is out of all proportion to their size. Pinwe, a few miles north of Naba, fell after an intensive artillery barrage which left the village wide open for the men of the 36th Division

THE HEIGHTS IN THE CHIN HILLS from where the men of the Fifth Indian Division saw the plains around Kalewa to which they were then advancing through rugged jungle country

COMMANDERS OF THE FIFTH INDIAN DIVISION making a sand-table reconstruction of their 200-mile advance through Burma: Forward troops of this Division, following their fighting advance of over 200 miles launched from Imphal at the height of the monsoon, recently captured Kalewa, river port on the Chindwin, on the road to Mandalay. After it had been accomplished, the Commanders made a reconstruction of the route, the hills and squiggles on which indicate some of the difficulties they had to face

ASSAULT BOATS, POWERED BY HEAVY-DUTY OUTBOARD MOTORS, carry Chinese troops across the Irrawaddy River in the renewed Allied push into Northern Burma. The troops are American-trained and equipped, and they are veterans of more than a year of jungle fighting

R.A.F. FIGHTERS IN BURMA. A Thunderbolt Squadron, who have moved farther into Burma, are now operating behind a range of hills over which the Japanese Air Force are also in action. Here, three of these powerful fighters are just off to attack enemy communications and air-strips: they are watched by the ground crews who service the planes and by their fellow-pilots standing by on the aerodrome



THE VALUE OF OUR ADVANCED AIRFIELDS NEAR THE BATTLE ZONE ON THE WESTERN FRONT, by means of which our bombers can now strike at Germany without warning. The important town of Duisburg, for instance, is only 40 miles from the front line, so that raids can be carried out without allowing the German fighters time to carry out interceptions over the target or on the way home. Other important towns are also within easy reach. Many of the German advance bases facing our lines, on the other hand, are of only secondary quality, having originally been laid down to serve as emergency landing-grounds for the own bombers returning from England (See *notes at right*)—*Drawing by W. Brownlee*

GIBRALTAR AS A CIVIL AIR STATION ON ONE OF THE B.O.A.C. EMPIRE ROUTES: searchlights are located in orifices cut into the rock face

The British Overseas Airways Corporation have operated a number of air routes to all parts of the Empire throughout the war: sometimes these bases have been located alongside the great cities of the world, sometimes in the most desolate and remote spots, as necessity and war conditions have demanded. British personnel have provided the main staff over the whole system, but local labour has been widely employed at each station. Gibraltar has been amongst the key bases: at night-time the airfield is floodlit by powerful searchlights located in the galleries cut in the rock face, to aid the aircraft coming in to land or to take off. This picture shows the scene as a Dakota operated by B.O.A.C. stands on the airfield, waiting for a night take-off

The nightly display by the searchlights as aircraft come in and take off; these on the northern shoulder of the Rock—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

DEVELOPMENTS in the AIR WAR OVER GERMANY

Special Drawings by Sphere Artists

The air situation on the Western Front has undergone many changes since the invasion of Europe in June last. Some of these are summarised in the drawing given on the left. "During the past years aircraft leaving our shores to bomb, say, the Ruhr at night were picked up on the enemy's radiolocation system as soon as, or before, they reached our own coastline," writes Air Commodore Howard-Williams. "Within a few minutes they were under fire. . . . To-day, Duisburg is only 40 miles away from our lines. What is more, the enemy's coastal radiolocation system has vanished. On occasion bombers can cross his lines before he is aware of what it is all about." There is another great advantage in operating from air bases just back of the Allied lines: the enemy night-fighters do not always have time to go into action for interception, thus reducing our own casualties.

"Every German city is now at the complete mercy of the Allied Air Forces," continues Air Commodore Howard-Williams. Some thousands of heavy, medium and light bombers, as well as fighters and fighter-bombers, can be engaged on raids against targets in the enemy's country.

The changed situation in the war in the air has been emphasised by the German radio stations, which now frequently broadcast warnings to German towns of the approach of Allied aircraft when the raid is actually in progress!—thus demonstrating their inability to prepare for the raid, as used to be the case

A GIANT U.S. GLIDER WHICH CAN CARRY A SIX-TON CARGO: This is the XCG10 "Sky Freighter," developed by the Air Technical Service Command of the American Army Air Force. It has cargo-loading doors at the rear, is constructed of laminated plywood, and combines a tricycle landing-gear with a retractable-wheel nose. This picture was taken during one of the glider's test flights

A NEW NIGHT TECHNIQUE AGAINST GERMANY'S COASTAL SHIPPING: The "Want Willie" attacks on single ships carried out by a Coastal Command group now based in Belgium, whereby strong concentrations of aircraft are brought up by radio—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

It was recently made public that a portion of the Coastal Command R.A.F. group concerned with attacks on enemy shipping has for some time been based in Belgium. The forcing of German coastal convoys further up the coast of Holland makes British-based R.A.F. attacks on the Germans more difficult. The group which carries out the shipping attacks has already made more than 6,000 sorties since the landing in June, and the enemy is no longer moving any considerable convoys of shipping over stretches further west than that between the Elbe and Borkum. Even this shipping consists of small coasters. Coastal Command tactics have considerably developed since the early days of the war. Rockets can disable or sink ships in a manner impossible for cannon. The Germans were gradually forced to give up sailing their ships by day, and it was necessary to develop a method of night torpedo attacks. Enemy E-boats and R-boats create such a wake that their tracks can be spotted without flares and attacked with Swordfish or Albacores, which can turn and swoop quickly. The enemy retorted by stopping their ships dead when they saw signs of an attack, so that there was no longer a wake to spot. Then the R.A.F. developed what is called the "Want Willie" method. One aircraft drops flares, and calls "Want Willie." Whereupon the attacking aircraft arrives, while the first plane illuminates the target. Escorts from Fighter Command or from the American Air Force have discouraged enemy air attack on Coastal Command machines. Large convoys have been attacked with a multi-winged strike of nearly 100 aircraft with three "flak-busters," three rocket projectors and three torpedo-carriers launched against a single large enemy escort ship. The machines dive on the enemy with their engines shut off and inflict what is described as a "silent death"

YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH!

The General Well-being of the People of Britain after More than Five Years of War and Rationing.

Discussed by CHARLES GRAVES

AS we are now entering the sixth year of war, it is time to hold a National Health stocktaking. How do we stand, physically and mentally, after all this total warfare, with its attendant blitzes, nerve strain, rationing and direction ?

The answer is surprisingly cheerful, to judge by a perusal of the as yet unpublished findings of the Ministry of Health.

According to the experts, the most sensitive index of the nation's general health is infant mortality (babies dying in their first year of life). This rose steadily in the last war, and declined steadily in this, reaching an all-time low record of 1943. The most risky time for a baby is its first month of life, and here again a new low record of deaths (neonatal rate) has been established. The chances of the tragedy of stillbirth have been reduced to three-quarters of what it was before the war, and the proportion of mothers dying as a result of their confinements was, in 1943, the lowest on record. This also applies to the death-rate of children up to ten years of age.

These improvements have been continued throughout 1944. In the first quarter, the upward trend in the birth-rate in England and Wales was continued, with a rate of 17·9 per thousand of the population (the highest in any first quarter since 1926), while the infant-mortality rate was the lowest on record for this period of the winter. In the second quarter of 1944, still further records were established with a birth-rate of 19·3 per thousand (the highest second quarter for nineteen years), and an infant-mortality rate of 43 per thousand live births, the lowest ever recorded for this quarter. The 'flu epidemic of a year ago raised the death-rate for the twelve months to a point slightly above the low record of 1942.

During the war more low records have been achieved for many diseases. Typhoid fever and diphtheria are cases in point. But there is no method of recording the minor ills of the population, and there can be little doubt that they have increased. The withdrawal from the civilian population of many of the youngest and fittest people for the Services, and the continued trials of the remainder—bombing, long hours of work, spare-time Civil Defence and (until recently) Home Guard duties, household duties, black-out and various restrictions—were bound to increase the prevalence of minor ill health. But as far as the nerves of the nation are concerned, attendances at mind-treatment clinics are below the pre-war level, and so are the admissions to mental hospitals.

This is on all fours with the report about the civil and military population of Malta during the worst of its sieges. There was not a single case of nervous breakdown there, in spite of the trials and tribulations—because (*a*) there was no psychiatrist on the island, and (*b*) there was no chance of escape. After the last war it was officially stated that 98 per cent. of the troops of one of our allies recovered from nervous breakdowns within forty-eight hours of the Armistice. So far so good. One can further presume that every boy who has been called up for the Navy, Army or Royal Air Force has improved 100 per cent. in health. More solid food, combined with regular hours during military training, and any amount of well-planned physical jerks, is bound to produce good results. In my own case, I can recall that I put on two stone and grew three inches during the first six months I was in the Army. On top of this, the dental treatment in the three Services (which include the A.T.S., W.R.N.S. and W.A.A.F.) makes a big difference. Bad teeth and rickets have always been two of the scourges of Great Britain's population. (In fact, rickets in Germany is known as the "English disease.") The latest official report on dentistry shows that 90 per cent. of the male recruits and 86 per cent. of the female recruits needed dental treatment on enlistment. Service dentistry may not be as delicate as it would be in civil life, but at least it is painstaking and efficient.

There is no doubt that tremendous strides have been made in medicine and health services during the last ten years. It must have seemed certain that the bombing of our great cities, and the consequent dislocation of the water supplies, would result in an epidemic of typhoid, if nothing else. Chlorination prevented this. In addition, immunisation for diphtheria, and the various M and B preparations against sepsis, have proved wonderfully practical. The discovery of penicillin has not affected the civilian population. A few star patients, like the Governor of the Bank of England, Marlene Dietrich, the Prime Minister and Philip Guedalla (who died), cannot be taken as representative.

Against all this, tuberculosis and venereal diseases are black spots in the nation's health, and the wartime increase in the number of new cases notified must cause grave anxiety. Over 11,000 cases of syphilis were reported last year, compared with less than 5,000 in 1938. It is true that the campaigning of the past two years to open the eyes of young people to the dangers of V.D. has reduced the number of new cases, but still . . . Tuberculosis is bound to flourish where there is malnutrition and black-out, and whatever statistics may be produced to show that the situation is well under control, the fact remains that tuberculosis among children under the age of ten is increasing rapidly. The Prime Minister once said that the best investment in the world was putting milk into babies. That is only a partial truth. The best investment is putting *good* milk into babies, and while Lord Woolton's scheme for providing orange-juice and cod-liver oil for babies has been splendid, it is clear that babies are drinking a great deal of raw and potentially-infected milk. Those who go to day-nurseries have better meals than they would have had at home even in peacetime, but they are exposed to every infectious disease.

It may be claimed that one reason for the increased figures of tuberculosis in children is due to the fact that they are having more T.B. tests. It is certainly true that one of the best of the new services of the Ministry of Health is mass radiography, though this is mainly for adults, and shows that three people out of every thousand are real sanatorium cases, and another 2 per cent. need watching. In connection with this, the Ministry of Health has a scheme whereby work-people who discover, to their surprise and horror, that they need immediate treatment for at least six months in a sanatorium, can be given their full pay and allowances for the period in which they need to receive treatment, thus protecting not only their health, but also that of their fellow-workers.

Factory workers have been very well treated by the Ministry of Food. Their health services and canteen meals are admirable, but the unfortunate civilians not engaged in war work must feel irritated to be told by the Ministry that their health has improved. This is sheer nonsense, in spite of the pronunciations of Dr. Sydenstricker, of Georgia University, who came to England under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation to carry out a nutritional survey, the conclusions of which are shortly to be published. Dr. Sydenstricker went to South Wales, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and was most impressed with the general well-being of the people. But why not ? Pay was good and living conditions were healthy. If he had visited Poplar or the slums of Paddington, he might have had a different story to tell. Mr. William Mabane, when Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, announced recently that while middle-aged men were losing weight during the war, the weight of middle-aged women appeared to be satisfactory. The reason for women not losing weight was, of course, that they were being fed on a diet containing far too much starch. In the circumstances, it is a great pity that yoghourt, the specially-treated buttermilk which balances diets so well, cannot be bought all over the country. Those of you who live in London, and do not know it, might well take the tip and try it. Yoghourt has the extraordinary property of putting on weight for people who are too thin, and of taking it off if a starchy diet has made them too plump.

In conclusion, the health of the country is surprisingly good. The necessity for eating more green vegetables to supplement the exiguous meat ration has had very good effect on the population. The extra walking compelled by lack of transport has also been beneficial. Impetigo and scabies have been brought under control since the epidemic spread by the lousy heads of slum children evacuated in 1940-41. There was the aforesaid epidemic of 'flu last year (which was no worse than the one in 1938), but so far (touch wood) there is nothing to approach the black 'flu of 1918. The only worrying aspect of national health is the question of the next generation of children, who, for six years, have in so many cases been subjected to shelter life. It is perhaps too early to prophesy ; but this may be just as well.

IN GREECE, where conditions for the civil population during the German occupation were terrible : A common sight in some of the country districts—a child carries in a heavy bundle of faggots for the family. Most Greeks are short of beasts of burden, since the Axis forces either killed them during the occupation or took large numbers out of the country when they retreated

IN HOLLAND, where conditions vary with the locality, according to reports : Agnis and Antonine, two children of an obviously well-to-do Dutch family, show few signs of the privation which the war has imposed on some of the children of Holland. In the picture, L.A.C.W. E. Williams, who comes from Hertfordshire, is listening to their bedtime prayers. Several W.A.A.F.s are working in Holland, and have quickly made friends with the Dutch people, who invite them to their houses for parties and social evenings

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEWS PICTURES FROM THE HOME FRONT

THE STEEL-FRAMED HOUSE AT WATLING WHICH EXPERIENCED A NEAR HIT, but which resisted the blast effect very well. On the left is a newly-finished house, completed since the explosion : the buckled steel frame is on the right

The two steel-framed houses seen on the left were built as an experiment for the London County Council on the Watling Estate, near Edgware : they were due to be completed on August 15 last. On the 3rd, however, an enemy bomb fell very near, and both houses received almost a direct hit. Since that date both houses have been shown to representatives of the Press : one of them was rebuilt as planned, after its internal steel structure had been straightened out : the other (seen on the right in the accompanying picture) was left in its bombed condition, to show how much better the steel-framed house will stand up to blast effects as compared with other houses, of ordinary brick construction, nearby. The component parts of the steel-framed houses can be mass produced and pre-assembled

HOW THE AMERICAN ARMY IN ENGLAND RECEIVE THEIR MAIL—The scene in a U.S. Base Post Office : Within this vast shed is housed the "Postal Directory." British civilians work at the side of American soldiers and girls of the W.A.C.S. Tracing the correct unit and postal addresses is one of the processes which speeds the delivery of mail to American troops in the European Theatre of Operations. Locator cards for all American Service men and women on the Continent and in the United Kingdom fill the boxes seen on the tables

THE U.S. SAPPERS GET THEIR FIRST HUTS UP : Bricking in the end of the Nissen-type huts in Brixton. These two hutments took shape on the Loughborough Road site within eight days of the beginning of the work. They are of Nissen type, but made of corrugated asbestos instead of iron : the front and sides are pre-fabricated, but the Americans are filling in the back-window portions with brickwork. There are now 3,000 U.S. soldiers engaged on this work of clearing bombed sites and building emergency houses

WRENS SORT OUT THE FLEET'S MAIL : In the office ashore, incoming letters are sorted for delivery to the ships in harbour : In a south-east port the Wrens in the Fleet Mail Office handle daily an average of 7,000 letters and 300 parcels. In this port they alternate their duties ashore by delivering mail by sea to all ships in the harbour. No boat is more welcome than the mail boat, and as she comes alongside eager sailors are ready to give the Wrens a hand in bringing the bags aboard. In the shore office anything, from the sending of cables to the sale of stamps, is undertaken by the Fleet Mail Wrens ; and it is their job to see that all enquiries are answered and dealt with quickly and courteously, and that the incoming mail is sorted and delivered to the ships before they sail

A KING AND QUEEN GO SHOPPING IN LONDON : A scene in the West End during the pre-Christmas rush. King Peter of Yugoslavia carries the bags, Princess Aspasia (his mother-in-law) holds the ration-books, and Queen Alexandra holds the car door open outside the hotel. Note that the young King now wears spectacles

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE FIRST BOOKS FOR 1945

A Tough Young Man from Kentish Town; Fun on the Grouse Moor and Childhood Fishing Experiences; The U.S. and the Shape of Things to Come; A Tchaikovsky Biography; New Theories on the "Wholemeal Campaign"

ONE of the most interesting, and if that is grudging praise I will add one of the best, of this week's batch of novels is Mr. Montagu Slater's ONCE A JOLLY SWAGMAN (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), in spite of the obvious disadvantage of the title, which inevitably suggests the Australian bush. The story is, in fact, about a tough young man from Kentish Town, with an unusual mother who, although she never stirs from the streets and houses she knows best, is politically conscious, and idolises her second son, serving with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. Bill inherits none of his mother's social conscience, and shares none of his brother's.

He is a dirt-track rider and a very successful one, at least until he organises a riders' union, which results in his being barred from all the tracks, and accepting a job as rider in that pre-war "attraction," the Wall of Death, in which motor-bicycle riders risked their lives in a senseless, squirrel-like dash round a vast wooden bowl. When he has a bad crash his wife raises enough money to start him as a small shopkeeper, an occupation he despises. At the outbreak of war he volunteers for Army service and, with a new acquaintance, Cornelius, a Left Wing intellectual, becomes a Commando, and after fighting is made prisoner. From the prison camp the tough guy Bill writes to his young wife that when he comes back they will live in a life-wishing world, not the world that they have known, the death-wishing world in which daring and physical courage were the highest standards.

Bill's life, even with the oddness of his trade, is an unremarkable one; what is arresting about this novel is Mr. Slater's factual handling of that life's events, of the impact of new ideas on Bill, and the immediate, invariably physical response. He is a figure of the machine age, and in that sense entirely contemporary, but his appeal as a fictional character might still be to the same public who have always got a thrill out of watching men risk death against odds, in our time with cars and motor-bicycles, and in older days in combat with lions.

THE TWELFTH (Faber. 7s. 6d.) is unashamedly a bit of fun, quite amusing for the lay reader, and probably diverting to a degree for the expert. In this case, the expert would be one who had mastered the intricacies of grouse shooting, and who was not only a first-class shot, but a tolerably good fellow, a knowledgeable chap about moors, loaders, beaters and lodges, and a man to recognise the protocol of the more exclusive clubs. The fact that the book can still gently amuse the reader who has none of these eclectic qualifications is surely a very large mark in favour of Colonel J. K. Stanford, its author.

The hero of this cautionary tale, for such it appears to be, is one George Proteron, "one of the ten or twelve best shots in the Kingdom," and a specialist in the slaying of grouse. In his London club one day, after his usual rich meal, the old boy (he is sixty-eight) has a kind of stroke, and while his body lies for weeks inert and unconscious in a nursing-home, he is transported in spirit to a grouse moor, where he becomes—oh! horror—a grouse himself.

He recovers at length from his painfully vivid delusions, but not before he has learned much about the feelings of grouse, and even more about the lack of sensibility of the men who shoot them. Indeed, his final act is to charge full tilt into the glaring pink face of one of these tweed-clad murderers, knocking him senseless and neatly contriving to kill the two nearest confederates. But for all this violent expression of a possibly admirable moral sentiment, there is no doubt that the book is written primarily, and in spite of the Awful Warning, by and for those who have had incomparably happy days out on the moors, and who, knowing that those same days may never come again, will enjoy this witty little trifle all the more.

In his preface to THE PATH BY THE WATER (Nelson. 15s.), the author describes it as being a record of the early education of an angler, and while it is true that the greater part of the book is devoted to his own fishing experiences as a child, there is very much more to it than that; to all whose childhood's memories include the joys of meadow, hill and stream the book will have a nostalgic enchantment—the descriptions of flowers, hay-cutting and jam-making in the author's Scottish homes are so vivid that one can almost smell the familiar, homelike scents on the summer air. There are tales of weeks spent in the low, white house in Argyllshire, where his grandmother went for the summer months—of winters in Edinburgh with their Christmas festivities—and, finally, of the years at Winchester where, with a cousin, he spent happy days fishing the Itchen. The author's own words are, however, no more delightfully illustrative than are Helen Monro's wood engravings with which the book is decorated.

Mr. Walter Lippmann, the distinguished American newspaperman, has written another short and brilliantly lucid book, which is a logical and far-sighted development of his *U.S. Foreign Policy*. "It is a little book on a big subject," he writes. "It is a little book because it can only be one man's view, and it has a big subject because it is an effort to discern the position of the United States in the shape of things to come."

U.S. WAR AIMS (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is hard to crystallise in content in so small a space, but, over-briefly, it might be summed-up as urging that the United States should reverse the Wilsonian pattern of collective security; that a universal society cannot be built from the top downwards, and that it must be built up from the existing national states and historic communities.

Most of us recall, even though we might not be able to quote, Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The words that the writer has chosen make an apt introduction to his theme:

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced."

How then can the civilians win the peace when the soldiers have won the war? That is the question which, in this author's opinion, can now be answered in some measure.

Mr. Gerald Abraham's biography of the composer Tchaikovsky is brief but efficient. In no more than 140 pages most of the significant facts, both chronological and emotional, are given, and there is a remarkably complete and accurate list of Tchaikovsky's works, his compositions and his occasional literary passages.

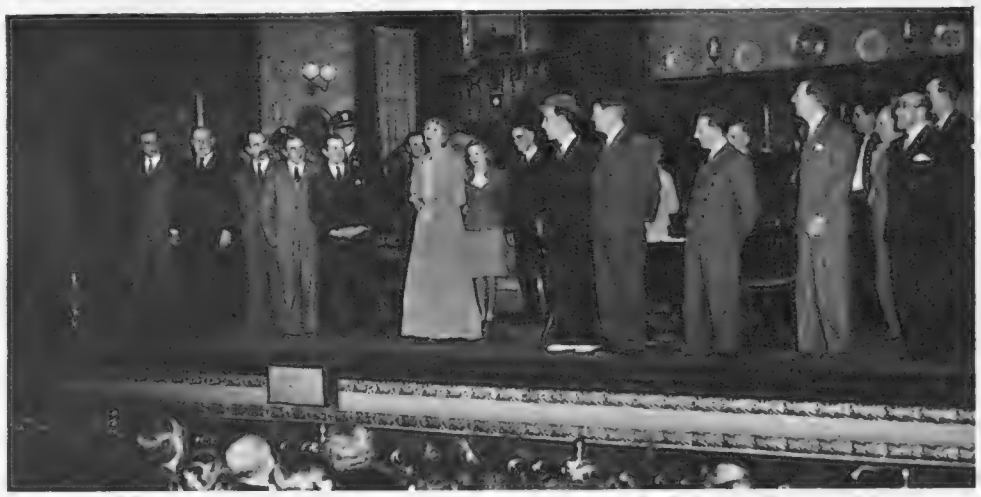
TCHAIKOVSKY (Duckworth. 5s.) tells the story of a strange man, the son of a Russian and his French wife. As a child he was immensely stimulated by music, although this trait was not encouraged, and he grew up to become a Civil Servant, and a singularly inefficient one, even for Czarist Russia. He was slovenly and indolent, and had an unbusinesslike habit of idly tearing up bits of paper. "There is a legend that on one occasion he partly devoured an official document in that way."

After a time he threw up his job and its destructive sideline to devote his time to music, being supported partly by fees for music lessons, and partly by his family. The turning-point in his career and in his romantic life came at the age of thirty-seven, when, in one year, he began a curious but almost life-long love-affair with Nadezhda von Meck, married another woman and, because of his unhappiness over this match, attempted to commit suicide.

It was Madame von Meck who made the composer financially independent, and made it possible for him to work in conditions of moderate comfort, though they never saw each other except at a distance and, in spite of a voluminous correspondence, never exchanged a word of conversation. It remains one of the oddest of relationships, though there is no doubt of its influence on the musician, intellectually as well as materially.

"There is all the difference in the world between positive health and negative health. Negative health means being content to be 'just not ill,' to accept illness as usual or inevitable. Positive health means much more than that. It means an exhilarating sense of well-being, the joy of physical fitness, the power of accomplishment no matter how hard the task. It means the fearlessness and buoyancy of mind and spirit." In this opening paragraph of her book, YOUR DAILY BREAD (Faber. 4s. 6d.), Mrs. Grant echoes much the same doctrine as that put forward by the originators of "The Peckham Experiment," but her recipe for well-being is mainly concerned with the diet angle—in particular with the value of wheat-meal flour.

A series of balanced diets are given, with an urgent plea not to overload with starch and tannin already tired digestions. Another word of warning, which may strike terror into the hearts of the bachelor men and girls, is one casting deep suspicion on the ubiquitous frying-pan. The final section of the book is devoted to recipes recommended by the author.



AN IMPROMPTU ALL-STAR CAST: On the night of December 20 last, famous comedians took a bow at the Strand Theatre when they acted as the "corpses" in the murder play "Arsenic and Old Lace," on the occasion of its second birthday. From left to right in the front are seen Jack Buchanan, Alfred Drayton, Eddie Gray, Teddy Knox, Bobby Howes, Lilian Braithwaite, Tommy Trinder, Will Hay, Jimmy Nervo, Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare. So many celebrities on the stage at the same time at the final curtain gave the show the air of a pre-war Command Performance

A CHARMING "PRINCE CHARMING": Leading Firewoman Joan Appleby is one of the great attractions in the N.F.S. Pantomime, "Cinderella," which is being performed at Barking

"CINDERELLA" AT THE WINTER GARDEN: Binnie Hale as "Prince Charming" and Bobby Howes as "Buttons." The cast also includes Hermione Baddeley as one of the ugly sisters. Kathleen Moody plays the name part, and is especially attractive in the spectacular ballroom scene

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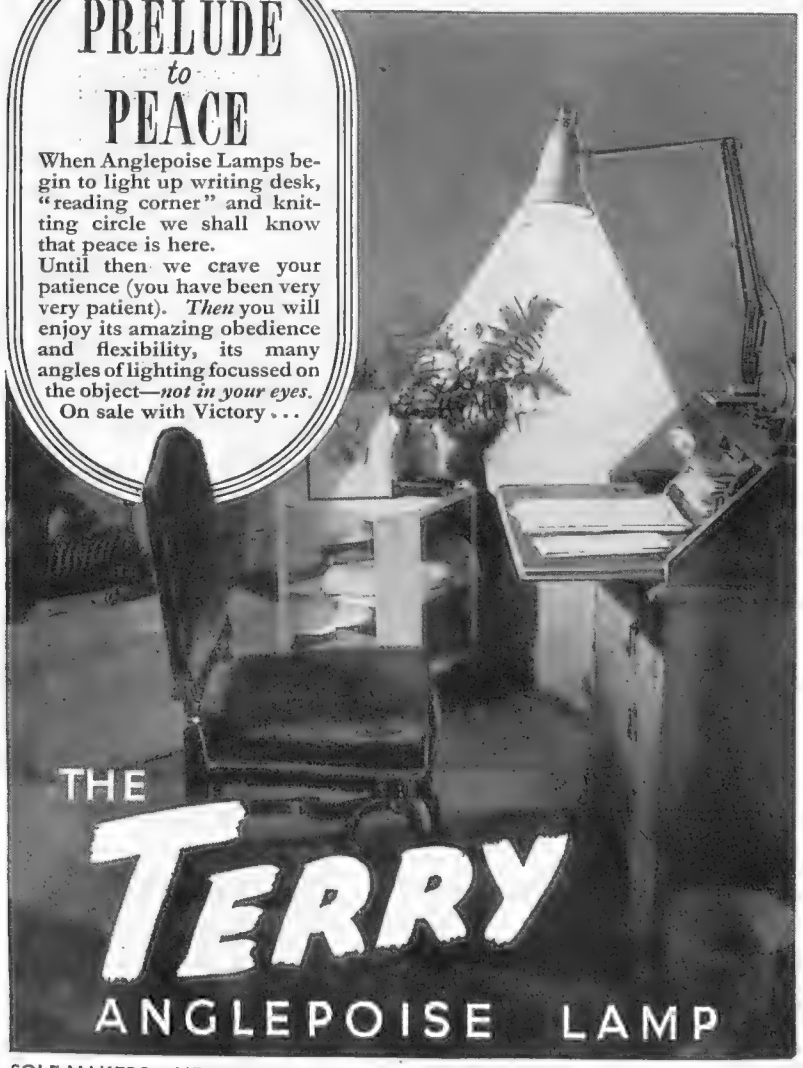

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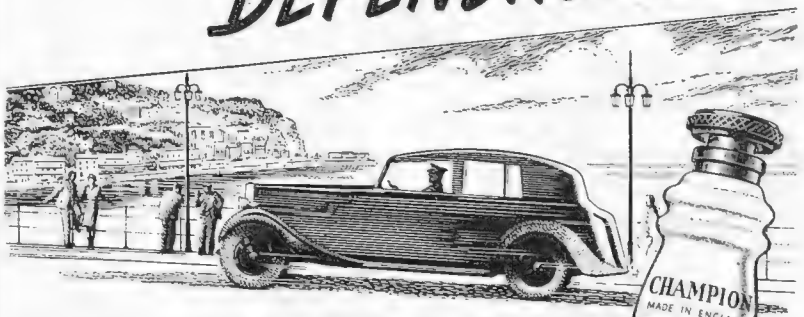

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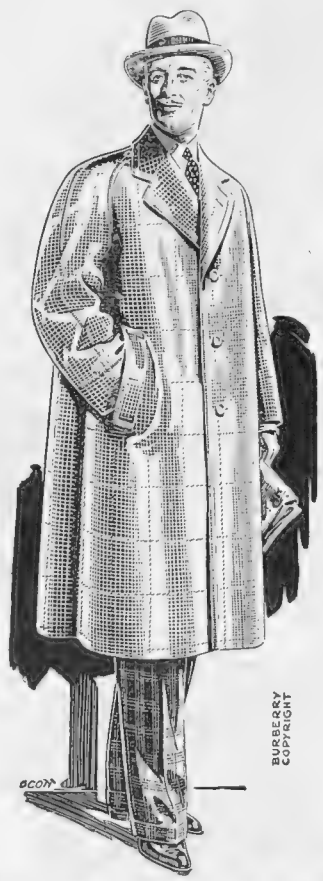

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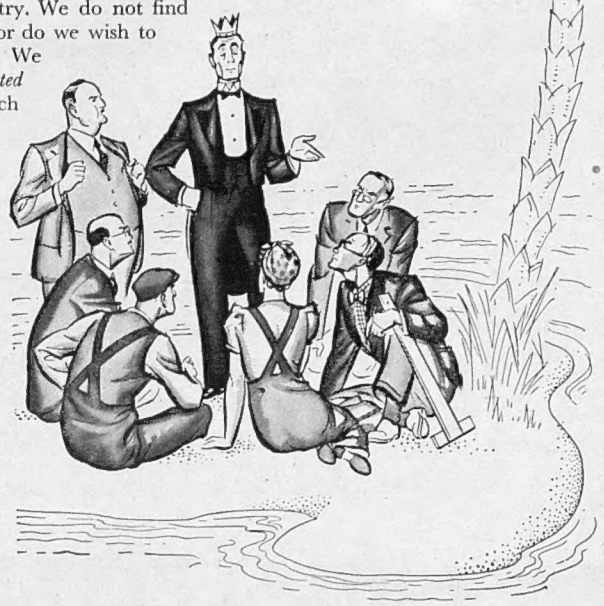

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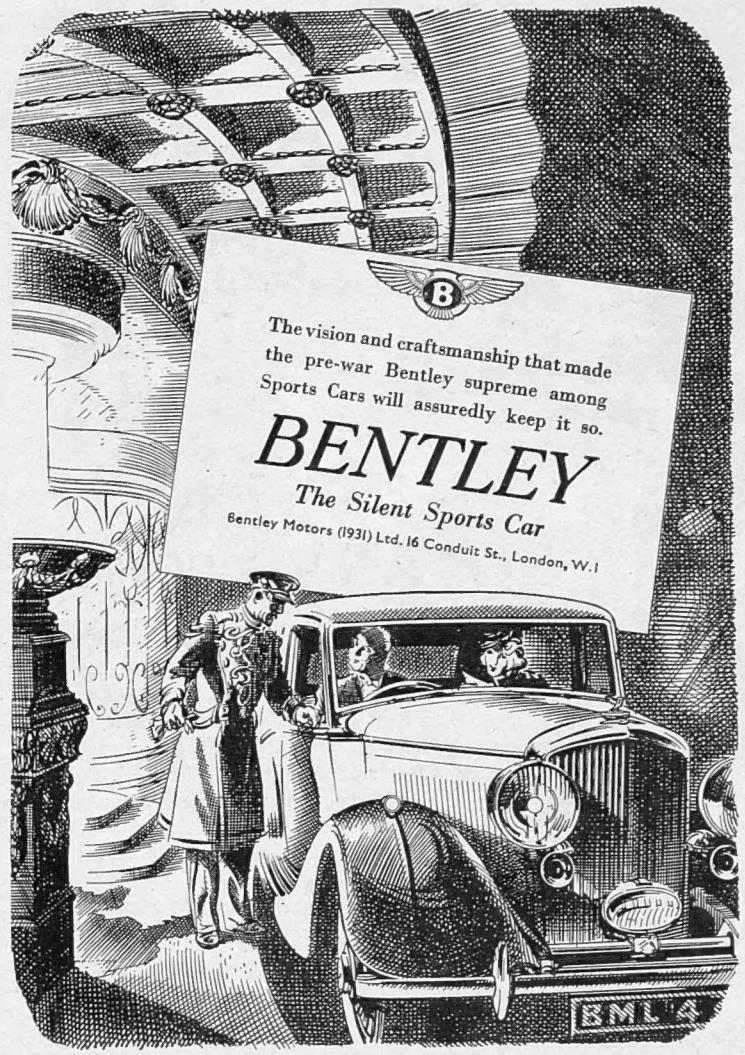

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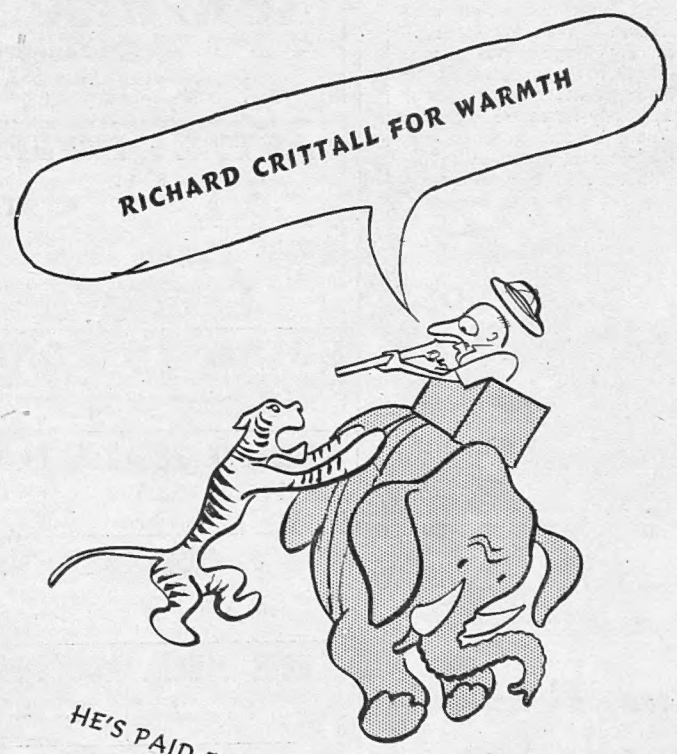

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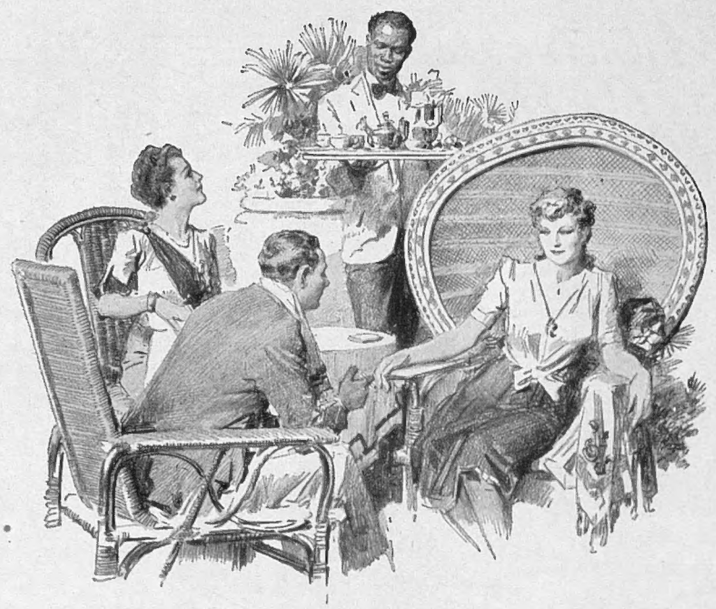

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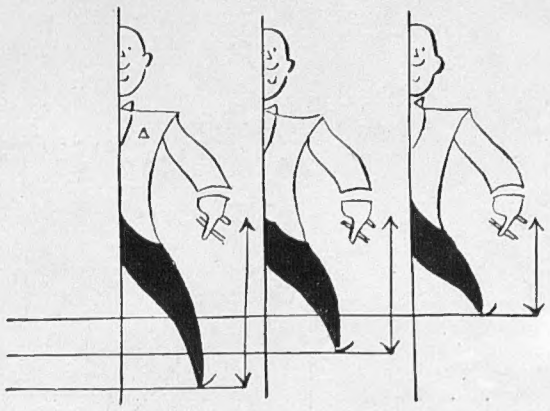

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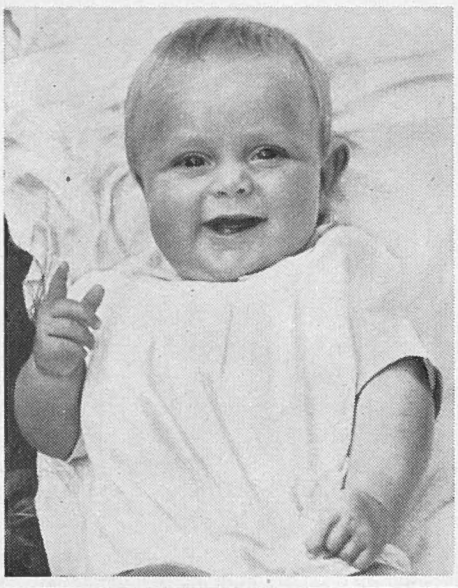

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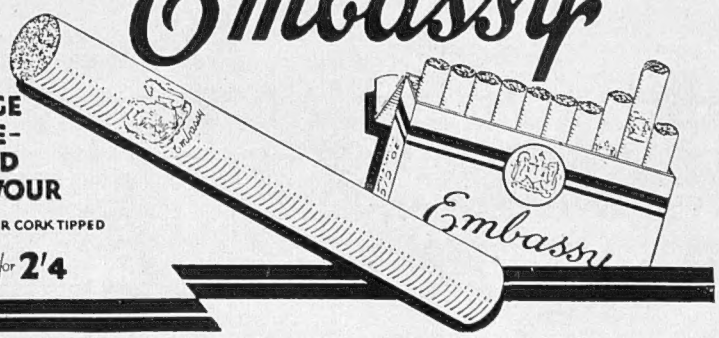

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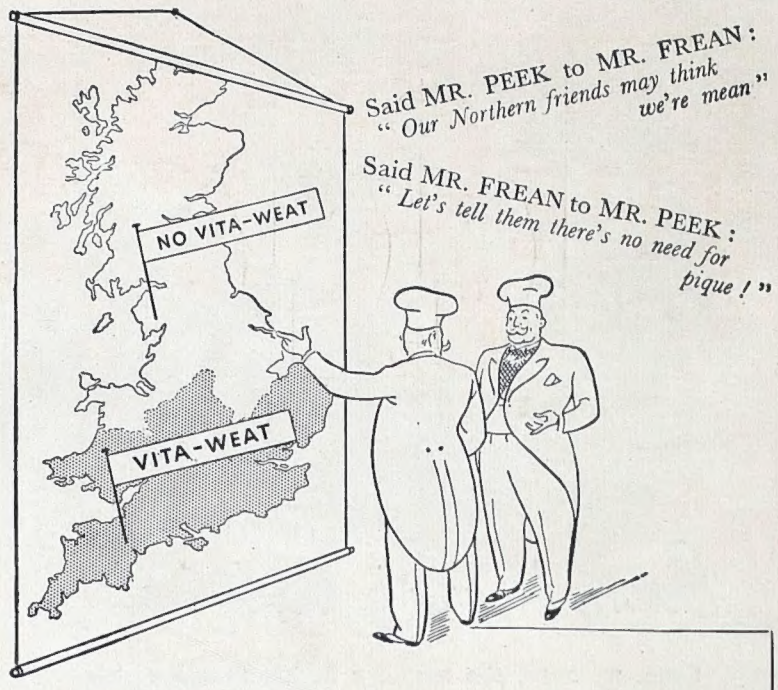

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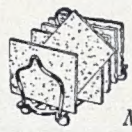

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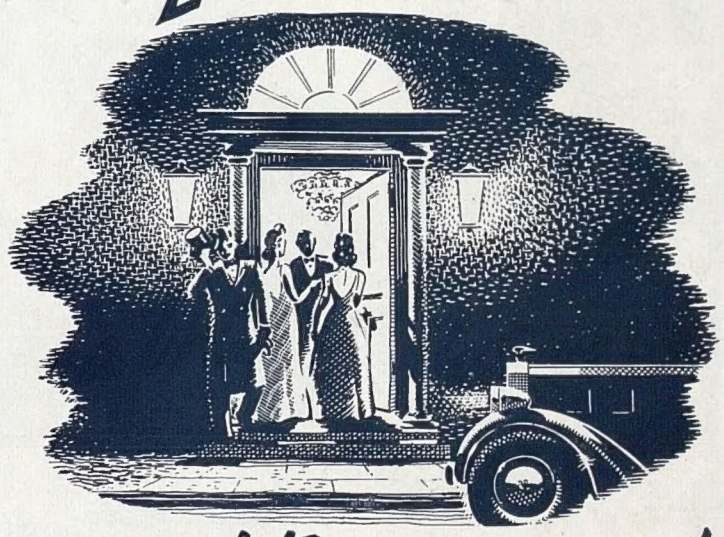

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